Week ending October 9 1954
Every Wednesday Fourpence

JOHN BULL

DESTINATION UNKNOWN : The new mystery novel by

AGATHA CHRISTIE

MY LEFT FOOT A young man's triumphant story of his fight against a terrible affliction

Rice pudding made with Regal—there's a real creamy pudding! Regal is rich pure English milk evaporated to a creamy consistency. It improves the flavour, food value and digestibility of all puddings and other dishes in which it is used.

Try this recipe for rice pudding: Wash 2 oz. rice and put it in a buttered pie-dish with a little Regal to soak for 10 minutes. Take half-pint of Regal diluted with half-pint of water. Beat up an egg and mix with the diluted milk. Pour over the rice, add sugar to taste and bake slowly for about an hour.

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Get one when you get your "NOSTROLINE" jelly.

Bertie's GRAND about the house!

The sweetest friend of the family

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EDITORIAL

On the bright side

AFTER Dr. Arthur Forsdyke, forty-eight year old scientist in charge of the Air Ministry weather forecasting department at Dunstable, has received all the detailed meteorological information, he sits down and prepares the bulletin we hear on the radio or read in the newspaper.

"Cloudy with bright intervals," he may write. Or, perhaps, "Rain at first, with brighter weather with some showers spreading from the west." Judging from his bulletins, Dr. Forsdyke must be rather a gloomy soul.

THIS so-called summer with its four inches of rain in June, ground frost in July, and tropical floods in August, has been bad enough without the Met. Office making tomorrow seem dreary before it arrives.

While farmers and industry may need to know every grim detail of tomorrow's weather, Dr. Forsdyke could emphasise the hopeful aspects for the ordinary man.

DR. FORSDYKE
He could be more cheerful

In America, the forecasters have cheered up their language. "Cloudy with bright intervals" has become "Bright with a certain amount of cloud." "Rain at first, with brighter weather later" has changed to "Sunny, after a little rain."

It is just a matter of looking on the bright side.

Dr. Forsdyke concedes that there may be something in the idea. "We have set phrases to ensure that all the forecasters mean the same," he says. "But they could be altered, and very well might be in future."

Jerome K. Jerome provides a persuasive argument for such a cheerful change of policy in *Three Men In A Boat*.

"The prophet we like is the old man who, on the particularly gloomy morning of some day when we particularly want it to be fine, looks round the horizon with a particularly knowing eye, and says: 'Oh, no, sir, I think it will clear up all right. It will break through all right enough, sir.'

"We feel an affection for that man which is not at all lessened by the circumstances of its *not* clearing up, but continuing to rain steadily all day. Ah, well, we feel, he did his best."

WE have had the opportunity for an orgy of grousing this year. Let that be an end of it for a while. Let us look confidently up at the sky.

A grand opportunity lies before the Meteorological Office. Britain can be turned from a land of pessimists into a nation of optimists.

Let us start now. The coming winter is sure to be mild; next spring and summer are going to be warm and sunny. So cheer up! Lead the way, Dr. Forsdyke!

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All action, no waste! A tin of Gibbs is *concentrated* dentifrice in solid block form — whereas a tube of toothpaste must contain extra ingredients just to make it 'squeezable'. Virtually all of Gibbs works hard but gently — attacking germs, removing film, keeping your teeth sparkling white, your gums healthy, your mouth refreshed.

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You get 6 perfect shampoos out of every family-size 1/11d. bottle of Wright's Coal Tar Liquid Soapless Shampoo.

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Is Right For Everyone!

OBTAINABLE FROM ALL CHEMISTS

This *Natural* tonic will give him zest and energy

Extracts of grasses scientifically blended with vegetable oils rich in vitamins give wonderful tonic value to BENBOW'S — the conditioner used by leading breeders. Restores glossy coat, stops scratching, prevents minor skin troubles and wards off other doggy ailments. Benbow's is economical — 2 doses a week will keep a dog in real "show condition". From pet shops, chemists, etc.

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OCT. 9 1954 VOL. 96 NO. 2519 PHONE: TEMPLE BAR 2468 GRAMS: HEROICALY, WESTCENT, LONDON

FREE SPEECH

His wife runs the family budget

SOON after our marriage, war broke out and I was called up. My wife took a part-time job, and the whole burden of running the household "exchequer" fell on her.

When I came home on leave, I noticed, in various ledgers, accounts of every penny she spent. I realized then that my wife—like most women—was a born financier, and that I—like most men—was careless with money.

After the war, I told my bank manager that I wanted to open a joint account so that my wife could handle the family finances. "You're very wise," he said. "After all, if you go into any French café, you'll find the wife at the cash desk." Then he added: "I've been a banker for thirty years—but my wife signs all our cheques."—J. D. C., London, W.5.

When In Soho . . .

I WAS lunching in an Italian restaurant last week when a man entered with three children. They were talking excitedly in Italian, and I thought they had chosen the restaurant because they would be able to eat Italian food there. After studying the menu for some minutes, the man gave their order. Later, I heard the waiter shout to the kitchen: "Egg and chips four times."—J. MASON, Finchley, London, N.12.

In colourful New Orleans, he's a high-power salesman, a diplomat and the stranded traveller's best friend

BRITISH CONSUL

by Keith Ellis

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

Poet's Tribute

HOW apt was Harry Hopkins's tribute to Vivian Fisher in his article on the Lake District (JOHN BULL, September 11). Perhaps the most charming description of Vivian is given in Nan Simpson's poem, "The Keeper of the Ashness Gate." It ends with this couplet:

And drab will be the Ashness Gate
When Vivian's birds have lost their mate.

I believe the poem is one of a Lakeland anthology.—MRS. E. BIRKETT, Slaggyford, Carlisle, Cumberland.

. . . As Harry Hopkins says ("Into England's Deep South," September 4), life in Dorchester moves slowly. Thomas Hardy felt the same, for in "The Mayor of Casterbridge" he wrote that the Dorchester of the 1830s was "untouched by the faintest sprinkle of modernism." He recorded that the curfew was still rung in those days—and, in fact, it continued to be rung until the early years of this century.—MISS M. WALLIS, Bensham Lane, Thornton Heath, Surrey.

One of the things that has not changed is the name of the Dorchester furnishing firm of Shepherd and Hedger—though Harry Hopkins accidentally called it Smith and Hedger.

Happy Wanderers

WHILE passing through a North German town a few days ago, I took this photograph of two young men dressed in rather unusual clothes. They told me that they were *Wandergesellen*, or travelling apprentices. A young man wishing to become a

craftsman first attaches himself to a master craftsman in his home town. After learning the rudiments of his trade, the apprentice sets off on a three-year tour, carrying a letter from his master. He then works under other masters in many of the larger towns, learning aspects of the craft applicable to the area. On leaving each he receives a written report which he shows to his first master on returning. These lads told me that they were training to be carpenters. This kind of apprenticeship, apparently, dates back to the Middle Ages. —LT.-COL. L. A. TEMPLE, Celle, B.A.O.R., 23.

English Brew

WHEN tea was scarce during the war a friend of mine mixed maidenhair fern with her ration. She has done so ever since. She says that not only does she save money but that the fern brings out the tea's full flavour. The fern is dried in a slow oven. It is then crushed and mixed with the tea in a ratio of one to five. I understand that many people all over the country have been doing this for years. But I wonder if it is harmful.—MRS. D. G., Chesterfield, Derbyshire.

Maidenhair fern (adiantum capillus-veneris) helps to improve the flavour of tea, says a herbalist. Infused with water, it is sometimes used as a cough cure.

Riding The Storm

MUCH as I enjoyed reading J. Lennox Kerr's account of "The Great Storm," I was surprised that he made no mention of the Orkney steamer Earl Thorfinn. On the day that the Princess Victoria sank (JOHN BULL, September 4) the crew of this little

Continued on page 6

What makes the perfect husband?

"Affectionate, even tempered and good about the house," said Joan firmly, "that's the perfect husband!"

"Sounds more like the perfect dog to me!" chuckled Michael.

"Seriously though," put in Mary, "always being *thoughtful* is the essential thing."

"But no man can keep that up for long," chipped in Joan just as Barry, her husband, marched in with a whole tray of wonderful Cadbury's Drinking Chocolate.

"The perfect husband!" said Mary.

"The perfect drinking chocolate!" said Michael.

"The perfect end to an argument!" said Joan.

Now mixes 4 times quicker!

Cadbury's Drinking Chocolate mixes even quicker, smoother and easier now. Yet it is still as delicious and chocolatey as ever. To make, just add 3 teaspoonfuls to each cup of hot milk ; give one quick stir ; and it's ready.

1/7 a half-pound tin

CADBURY'S DRINKING CHOCOLATE

PORAGE or PORRIDGE ?

What's the difference? Spell it either way; it means a fine hot breakfast. But there is a difference. There's something extra special about PORAGE (spelt like this on every Scott's pack) because Scott's Porage is made from genuine Scottish oats* the real stuff — milled only by Scott's in Scotland.

IS SCOTT'S EXPENSIVE? NO. It's less than a penny a plateful—only 11½d. for a 1 lb. pack, 1/9½d. for a 2 lb pack.

IS SCOTT'S QUICK? YES. Cooks while the kettle boils; so quick, so simple, and gives you a really creamy plateful.

*Sir James Scott Watson, now chief Scientific Advisor, Ministry of Agriculture, writes of "the acknowledged superiority of Scotch oats" which "seem to have a higher proportion of oil and protein".

(Extract from Watson & Moore: Agriculture—Science and Practice of British Farming, Oliver & Boyd, Ltd.)

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FOR MEN THIS AUTUMN

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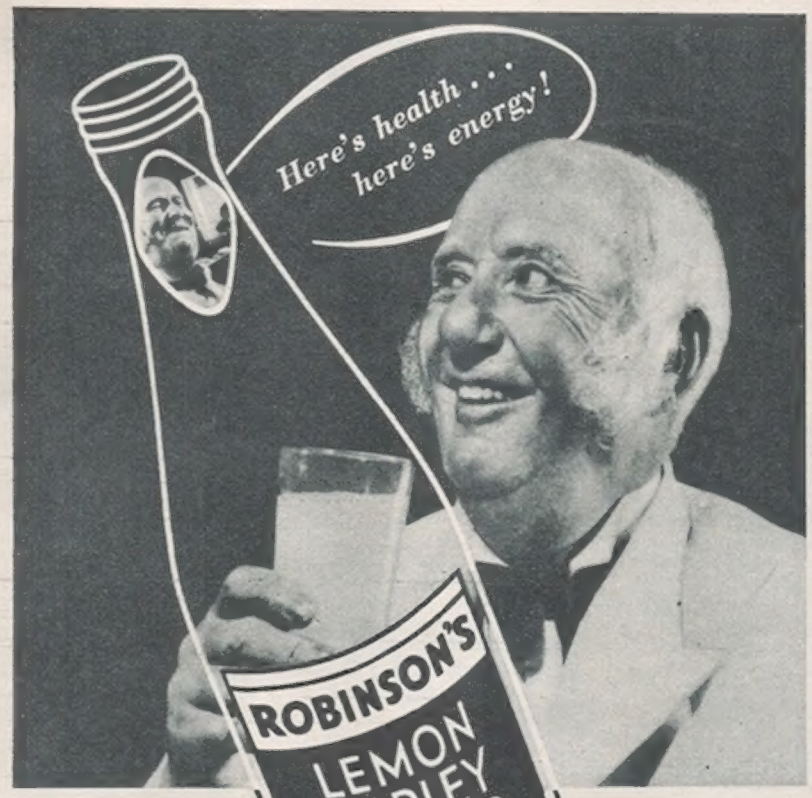
For brochure and retailer's address write Savile Row Shoemakers, Dept. J.B.4, Northampton.



"When you're hot and weary", says Old Hethers, "it's a pleasure to revive yourself with a long glass of Robinson's Barley Water. I find it a firm favourite with sportsmen. They like the smooth satisfying refreshment of the lemon-and-barley, and the glucose in it helps to give them energy."

THREE SHILLINGS
A BOTTLE
Lemon or Orange

CVS-39

FREE SPEECH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

steamer, without radio, radar or modern aids to navigation, achieved a masterly feat of seamanship.

The Earl Thorfinn left Kirkwall at 6 a.m. on that Saturday, carrying ten passengers and some livestock. Two hours later she was struck by the storm. Not far away—at Costa Hill, on the Orkney Mainland—the wind speed, in gusts, reached 125 miles an hour, the highest velocity recorded in the British Isles. Three violent waves struck the ship in quick succession, and those on board thought that she must sink.

Captain Hamish Flett decided to make for the open sea. The ship was driven before the wind to Aberdeen, a hundred miles away. It was not until it reached there that anyone in Orkney had news of the ship.—MRS. M. B., Orkney.

Previous highest wind gust recorded was at St. Anne's Head, Pembrokeshire—113 m.p.h. on January 18, 1945.

In Gulliver Land

MENTION of the Dutch toytown of Madurodam ("Free Speech," September 18) reminded me of a visit I paid to the wonderful model village in Ramsgate, Kent, which was opened last year. So thrilled was I that I

returned again recently, and was delighted to see that many new models had been added. The airport there is a masterpiece, with jet air liners waiting to take off; from the church comes the sound of organ music, and from the miniature college the strains of a boys' choir singing.—G. E. MILLER, Lionel Road, Brentford, Middlesex.

Ramsgate's model village, which took four years to build, also includes a miniature agricultural show, a farmyard, oast houses, and the castle shown on the left of our photograph. There are many other model villages in England—at Bourton-on-the-Water (Gloucestershire), Fletching (Sussex), Sutton (Surrey). Most famous of all, Bekonscot, at Beaconsfield, Buckinghamshire, featured in a High Court appeal three years ago, at which it was ruled that the village was subject to planning control. Since 1929, it has raised £30,000 for charity.

Busman's Holiday?

THERE is no need to go to Paris to see buses in which the doors are operated by remote control ("Free Speech," September 18). In Dundee we go one better. On entering our buses, passengers drop threepence—there is only one fare—into a fares collecting box. The bus is controlled entirely by one man, the driver. He not only operates the doors, which have a safety device to prevent passengers being trapped, but also watches to see that everybody pays a fare.—W. T., Dundee, Angus.

Many other towns—in Sussex, Kent, Hampshire and the Midlands—are among those served by buses with doors which open automatically.

The Knowing Look

WHEN my wife and I were sitting in the large dining-room of a hotel the other day, the talk turned to the cinema. We had been trying for some time to remember the name of a film, when a man who had been sitting at a table some distance away approached us. "Excuse me," he said, "but I may be able to help you." And he told us the name of the film. I was puzzled, because I was quite sure our conversation could not have been heard from where the man was sitting. He put us at ease—to some extent—by explaining: "I was in Intelligence during the war, and I took a course of lip-reading." E. GRIFFITHS, Poyser Street, Wrexham, North Wales.

Fireman Jack

RECENTLY, I retired from the fire service. During my last year's work I assisted at the following operations: rescuing a duck caught in some telegraph wires; extricating a boy's head from railings; persuading a would-be suicide to come down from a roof; releasing a jackdaw from a chimney; freeing a woman's finger trapped in a window; and rounding up an escaped bull in the cattle market.—R. J. SMITH, Blandford Road, Upton, Poole, Dorset.

Maid Of All Work

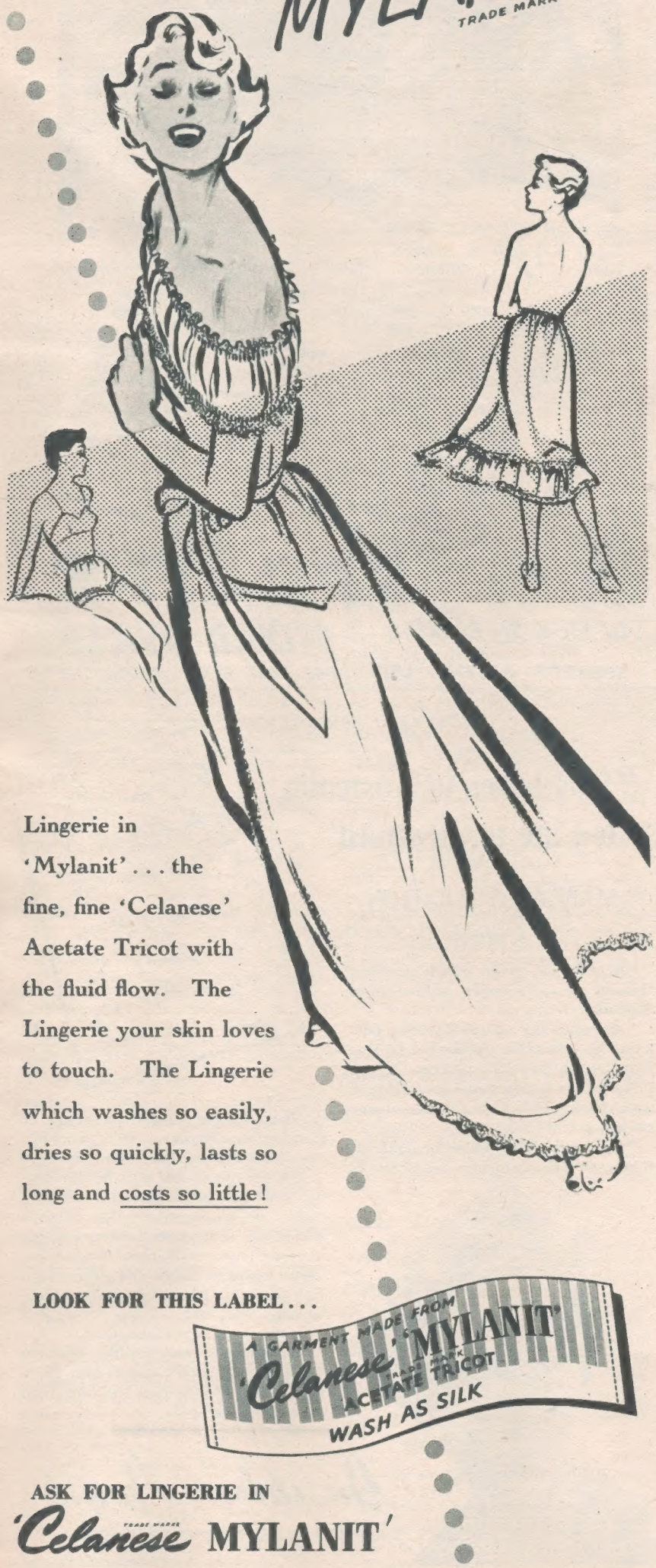
MY son has just returned from a holiday in Austria, where he stayed in a doctor's household. What impressed him above all were the long hours worked by the maid. She lived out, and was therefore classed as a part-time worker, but she always arrived for work at seven-thirty in the morning and did not leave until nine-thirty at night. She did the shopping, cleaned shoes, washed and polished the floors, and was never idle. The maid next door lived in—and she had to do the gardening as well.—MRS. H. E. HUGHES, Swan Lane, Coventry.

John Bull pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech," and at the usual rates for photographs. Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to the John Bull Free Advice Service

THIS WEEK'S COVER

"YOU'LL be just the same when you grow up, so why fuss?" William Showell's cover boy says silently to the girl. Already a wise man, he knows the futility of trying to stop Mother's gossip. Showell sees this sort of thing every day from his studio window in Golders Green and, like most men, he often wonders what women find to talk about. A recent quiz gave the answer: domestic joys and troubles, money, personal appearance, how well they run their homes and how badly friends run theirs. It also showed that men gossip more—about bosses, work, colleagues and the money other people have or have not—but that women talk longer.

you'll feel like a million in 'MYLANIT' TRADE MARK



Lingerie in 'Mylanit' . . . the fine, fine 'Celanese' Acetate Tricot with the fluid flow. The Lingerie your skin loves to touch. The Lingerie which washes so easily, dries so quickly, lasts so long and costs so little!

LOOK FOR THIS LABEL . . .

ASK FOR LINGERIE IN
'Celanese' TRADE MARKS MYLANIT'

"... Yes, it's your old chum Wilfred Pickles here—right behind this grand NEW SAVERS Campaign."

HAVE A GO!

We're off to a flying start! But we've a long way to go to reach our two million target. So come on everybody. Don't put off till tomorrow what you can do today — become a NEW SAVER now! You can find out how to become a New Saver from your Bank, Post Office or Trustee Savings Bank, where full information will gladly be given to you.

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STEP UP SAVERS

Issued by the National Savings Committee, London, S.W.1

It's easy to catch a COLD

Standing about after a strenuous game can so easily give you a cold—with sneezing and running eyes—or a feverish chill with muscular aches and pains. But you'll find that a Beecham's Powder, thanks to its unique formula, will soon have the worst symptoms under control. The fact that Beecham's Powders are in fine powder form makes them easy to assimilate and very speedy in action. Get a supply now. Keep them handy!

2 Powders for 5½d. Cartons of 8—1/7d. Also in tablet form—1/7 per bottle.

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Take BEECHAM'S POWDERS For QUICK RELIEF!

MR. BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD, —seen here with his Norwich Terrier "Tom" — writes:—

"I am concerned about the number of cases which come to my notice of digestive trouble in dogs, caused by feeding them on soft foods and table scraps. Every dog owner should recognise the following—

1. A dog needs hard biteable food to give his teeth and jaws the exercise which is healthy and natural.
2. A dog's digestive system is such as requires highly concentrated food. My experience has convinced me that dog biscuits made by a reliable firm such as Spratt's are the wisest form of feeding for your pet and mine.

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"I feel I must write and tell you that Phosferine has *done more for my wife than any other tonic.* My wife suffers from neurasthenia . . . She feels 100% *better* and wouldn't be without a bottle in the house . . . I would certainly recommend it to anyone . . ."

(*Signed*) *D.A.B., London.*

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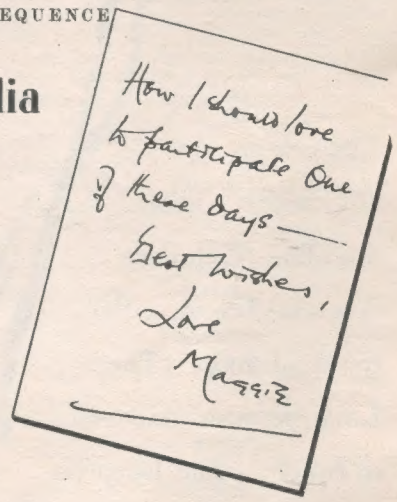
LETTERS OF CONSEQUENCE

"This letter to Australia led me to Stratford"

MARGARET LEIGHTON *explains:*



"I envied my good friend Anthony Quayle when he wrote to me from Australia.

"He made my mouth water by outlining his plans for the Season he was directing at Stratford-on-Avon. 'Your plans for the Season sound wonderful,' I wrote back. 'How I should love to participate one of these days.'

"To my joy, this letter brought the fulfilment of my long-cherished ambition. Anthony Quayle did ask me to play at Stratford that Season—1952. I wouldn't have missed that experience for anything."

You can never tell with letters. Any one you write might turn a dream into reality. So it's important that *all* your letters look distinguished. Always choose your notepaper with care. You cannot better Margaret Leighton's choice—she uses Basildon Bond. "It gives a fine-looking letter, and its crisp surface just suits the way I write," she says.

For quantity and quality Basildon Bond is really good value. It suits every type of pen. Writing-pads cost from 1/0½, envelopes from 7½d.

Basildon Bond

CHOSEN BY DISTINGUISHED PEOPLE

A John Dickinson Product

THE MAN WHO MADE A MILLION POUNDS

by ***JACOB HAY***

ILLUSTRATED BY LAURENT

He was a Dartmoor man—a convict with years to serve. But they had to free him. The army had a job on hand—and it needed men like Gerould

UNDERSTANDABLY, THE GOVERNOR was put out. "Mind you, I don't pretend to know what this is all about, but these are unusual times and I must assume that the Home Secretary knows what he's doing." He fiddled irritably with his pen. "In any event, it's very irregular."

There was a knock on the door and a warder entered, followed by a man in prison uniform.

"Gerould, sir," the warder said, saluting.

It was as if the prisoner had been accustomed to calling on the governor of Dartmoor every morning to exchange polite conversation. His grey eyes were quietly amused as he nodded pleasantly, first to the governor and then to me. And somehow he managed to appear almost dapper in the drab prison uniform; a certain leanness about him seemed to add inches to his medium height.

"Gerould," the governor rumbled unhappily, "by order of the Home Secretary, effective immediately, you are paroled into the custody of Captain Howard here. You're to go along with him. Pick up anything you'll want from your cell. That's all, and I hardly need tell you that you're an extraordinarily lucky man."

I don't know how well I would have managed, having my freedom suddenly, almost brutally, thrust upon me before breakfast on a dismal Sunday morning, but Gerould was apparently no more moved than he might have been had the governor remarked that it was raining outside, which it was. His only reaction was to stroke a finger across his closely cropped moustache, iron grey like the neatly combed hair which lay rather close to his narrow head.

"Damn the man," the governor said, half admiringly, when Gerould had left to pick up his gear from his cell. "I can't help liking him, you know, even if he does treat me like the manager of a not quite acceptable hotel." His rugged face lost its irritability and creased into a grin. "I think you're in for an interesting time, Captain."

War is as fantastic as it is grim, and the months after Dunkirk were a time when men lost the bounds of their imaginations. Probably not even the governor of Dartmoor really thought it especially outlandish that, being needed, the cleverest counterfeiter in England should be released into the custody of a very junior officer representing that most obscure stepchild of the War Office, the Blank Form Simplification and Development Section.

I'd read Gerould's dossier, borrowed by the

Gerould looked almost dapper in his prison uniform. "I hardly need tell you," rumbled the governor, "that you have been very lucky"

War Office from Scotland Yard, before undertaking the journey to Dartmoor. It made fascinating reading, mainly because there were so many gaps that not even the Yard had been able to fill.

His background was exceedingly hazy, but there must have been the beginnings of a good education in it somewhere, for there was mention of a respectable period when, for a few months, he'd actually earned an honest living as a private secretary. Thereafter, he dropped from sight until the spring of 1938, when an anonymous letter caused certain high officials to examine with awe and astonishment the several pound notes enclosed in the envelope. Up to that point, nobody in Great Britain had been aware that one of the biggest counterfeiting operations of the century was in full swing.

The sentence had been ten years penal servitude, and Gerould had exchanged his extremely comfortable flat in Mayfair for a cell in Dartmoor, and his engraver's needle for the cruder ones they used to sew mailbags for His Majesty's Post Office. When, where and from whom he learned the engraver's art was never disclosed. Indeed, Gerould had declined to testify in his own defence.

This was the man I was taking back to London and the dubious schemes of Unspeakable Bertram Frazier, my redoubtable chief.

There were elements of the ridiculous about that long drive back to town, for, as my driver did not have the necessary security clearance, I could not discuss with Gerould the operation in which it was hoped he would play so important a part. We confined our conversation to inanities, although Gerould would occasionally throw a quizzical glance in my direction.

Nearing London, he turned to me with an embarrassed smile. "Do you suppose we might just drop by some pub for a quick one?" he asked. "Your driver can keep an eye on me, if you like. You needn't be seen with me at all. But it's been a long time between drinks."

WE stopped at the next inn and followed his suggestion. "Thank you very much," he said, as we resumed the drive to the city. "I hope I can repay you one day." He held out his hand, and from that moment forward I had no further worries about the possibility of his breaking his parole.

An hour later, our driver deposited us in front of the shabby old town house in Kensington which served as quarters for the Blank Form Simplification and Development Section, Lt.-Col. Bertram MacC. Frazier, officer in charge.

Gerould's introduction to Unspeakable Bertram might well have shaken a lesser soul. The great man, even at that late hour of the afternoon, was still suffering from a monumental hangover which he was attempting to cure by inhaling pure oxygen from a huge cylinder of the stuff he had wangled from the air force.

"I may not live," he muttered biliously, "but if I do, I think I will go and murder that Free French major who introduced me to Calvados." He groaned piteously.

"Try a glass of champagne," Gerould murmured sympathetically. "It sometimes works in acute cases."

"I think," said Frazier, attempting a grin with dreadful effect, "that you will fit into this office very nicely, friend Gerould. But sit down and let me tell you more. The mission of this section is not easily defined," he explained, slumping even deeper into his antique-leather armchair and rumpling past belief the elderly tunic he wore with completely non-regulation grey flannel slacks.

"Among other things, we are expected to supply German and Vichy-French official papers indistinguishable from the genuine article. And we have in hand the production of fake Reichmarks and Italian lire which, it is fondly believed in the highest quarters, may assist in undermining the economies of the Axis Powers. There are, in addition, certain other matters in which we are concerned, matters which require an exceedingly flexible outlook. Which is where you come in."

"I think I follow you," Gerould said softly.

"Needless to say, our work is, as we military men put it, 'most secret.' Sometimes it becomes downright dangerous. I have to tell you that. You are perfectly free to decline and nothing more will be said of the matter, except, of course, that you will be required to sign an undertaking not to discuss what you have been told here. What do you say?"

Gerould was, I think, deeply moved. Something like a spasm of emotion swept over his face, and his voice was unsteady when he spoke.

"It will be an honour to serve," he said simply.

"Splendid," the colonel said, brightening considerably. "You'll share quarters with Howard. And we've got to get you out of civvy street, strictly informally, of course. Otherwise, there'll be all manner of difficulties with idiot sergeants-major and identity cards and all that nonsense."

THEN he turned to me. "Ever hear of the Singapore Security Force?" he demanded. I shook my head. "Neither has anybody else," he said, vastly pleased with himself. "Use your ingenuity, Howard, my lad. I had in mind something dashing in a bush jacket with, perhaps, one of those Aussie hats; but feel free to improvise."

In this wise, Gerould became a lieutenant and the only member of the Singapore Security Force, attached for rations and quarters to the Blank Form Simplification and Development

It was an impressive uniform—lieutenant in the Singapore Security Force—and Gerould made an

imposing figure. **No one guessed he was a convicted criminal, or that the S.S.F. did not exist**

Section. It was an impressive uniform, and Gerould, who would have looked well in any uniform, made an imposing figure. But there were so many wildly different uniforms about in London in those days that even if we had fitted Gerould out as a Bulgarian hussar, it's doubtful whether anyone would have questioned him.

His work, from the beginning, was superb. Within two weeks he had established himself as an indispensable part of our operations. Yet, although we shared quarters and took most of our meals together, he continued to be the most reticent man I've ever known. Not surly or furtive, but taciturn. As far as I know he had no other life than his work. Which was all to the good, of course.

Not long after Dieppe, Frazier summoned us into his office, where he was sprawled in his ancient chair, tossing darts at a large photograph of General Rommel which was tacked on the wall.

"I've just come from an instructive morning with the Little White Father," he said gravely, squinting at the point of Rommel's chin, "and it seems that he has set us a new task. I gathered from his remarks that some of our esteemed colleagues have employed, among others, persons of so nasty and suspicious a nature as to require payment for their services in Bank of England pound notes or Swiss francs."

He tossed another dart. "Some of these persons," he continued, "are honest and will receive honest currency. Others, whom we suspect of working both sides of the street, will receive our own informal product."

"It sounds mighty chancy," I said. "That sort of thing could easily get out of hand."

Frazier threw a dart viciously and scowled when it missed Rommel altogether. "It is so mighty chancy," he rasped, glaring at me, "that we're under specific orders not to do the printing in this country. Besides the three of us in this room, only two other persons in the government know about it. One's the Little White Father, who dreamed up the idea. The other is the P.M. himself."

"But surely," I began, "for just a few thousand pounds, it's hardly worth——"

"We are going to print one million pound notes," Frazier said slowly, "just as soon as a proper printing plant is located for us."

"Sweden?" I asked. "Spain? Turkey? Where?"

"I say!" Gerould's normally emotionless voice rang boyishly enthusiastic. "Why not use mine? I can't imagine that the Jerries would have uncovered it, and it's admirably fitted out for the job. I mean——" He stopped talking abruptly and grinned, his face flushing with embarrassment.

"Well, I'm damned!" Frazier exploded joyously. "Of course! Buy yourself another pip, Gerould, and consider yourself promoted to captain. Where is this fakery printery of yours, anyhow?"

"Paris," Gerould replied. He said it as calmly as if it had been Hyde Park Corner.

Frazier shrugged. "Why not?" he asked.

Just two days later, our two noncommissioned officers, Sergeants Love and Horton, both former engravers, were suddenly ordered to rejoin their battalions.

When I stormed into Frazier's office demanding to know how we were to operate without them, he told me blandly that our forthcoming operations were to be restricted to commissioned officers only.

"What about Gerould?" I asked bitterly. "Is he going back to Dartmoor?"

Frazier looked like a small boy who has been discovered pinching cake at a party—shamefaced but triumphant. Then he told me the shocking facts. In brief, he'd wangled Gerould's parole directly from a man in the Home Office—they'd been at Balliol together—without bothering the War Office. No one but the two of us was aware that Gerould was a fraud, not even the finance office chaps, since Frazier had simply added Gerould's pay to the normal office expenses. And nobody ever questioned our expenses.

A week afterwards, I made my first and, I trust, my last parachute jump. Frazier went through the hatch first, then Gerould, whose calm was that of a man who has been jumping into space every night for years, and then, feeling thoroughly ill, I stepped out into the night, was slammed by the slipstream and dropped like a stone in the darkness.

Several years later my chute opened and, although I can't say I enjoyed the dreadful pendulum-like swinging sensation, at least I no longer felt that I was about to bore a hole in the earth when I landed. This was a mistake.

I came to when a massive jolt of eau-de-vie began searing my throat. Gerould was kneeling over me, looking worried, but his expression relaxed when I managed a feeble smile. There was a low moan from quite close by, and I turned my head to observe the recumbent form of Bertram Frazier. We appeared to be in some sort of barn or stable, dimly lit by the sickly yellow rays of a primitive farm lantern, which sat on the stone-flagged floor on which I lay.

"You forgot to flex your knees and roll when you touched down," Gerould said kindly. "I've dealt with the chutes and the Frenchmen have rounded up all the supplies, so, as soon as you feel fit, we're ready to go." He gave me another tremendous swallow of the eau-de-vie, and, leaning close to my ear, spoke quickly and softly, "I think we're for it. I recognized the

We waited in helpless frustration. Suddenly Gerould appeared and slipped in behind the wheel

Frenchman in charge of the reception committee; his name's LeVeq and he's a bad 'un."

With Gerould's arm around my shoulder, I managed to sit up. The Frenchman in question, I saw, was a large, swarthy and immensely unsavoury type who was muttering to himself bitterly at Frazier's slow return to consciousness.

Still, I reflected, the man had been vouched for by the Free French Intelligence people in London, and in Gerould we had sufficient proof that it was not impossible that a criminal should also be a patriot.

GEROULD had risen and was talking rapidly to LeVeq in what I assume was some sort of Parisian underworld argot, since my own reasonably adequate French was unequal to understanding it. Then he showed him something he kept concealed from me in the palm of his hand, and the big Frenchman grinned unpleasantly.

Several minutes later, Frazier and I were trussed up like geese going to market, or whatever it is they truss up for market, guarded by two sullen youths with large pistols. Gerould stood over us, smiling genially.

I suppose we should have expected it. Gerould had nothing to lose and everything to gain by betraying us; he was out of England, beyond the reach of English law, and complete freedom was his for the taking. Paroles can always be cancelled and I dare say the thought of the possibility of returning once more to Dartmoor had proved unbearable. Gerould's action was understandable, but it was the act of an absolute swine. And I'd grown to like the man.

Frazier, who had regained consciousness, expressed his opinion of Gerould in one untranslatable French obscenity, and for his pains got slapped across the mouth by one of the surly young men guarding us.

My own disgust and dismay were complete when the fat little S.S. *Sturmbannführer* commanding the small army of Gestapo which arrived half an hour later treated Gerould as if he were Himmler himself, clashing his boot heels together and saluting and gurgling.

After the S.S. major and Gerould had established their beautiful friendship, the plump little thug in the black uniform and gleaming boots came and stood over Frazier and me and delivered himself of a number of epithets, climaxing his remarks by spitting at me. His aim was wretched, but mine was not bad at all, considering that I was flat on my back on the cold stone floor. I think he would have kicked me silly, but Gerould laid a restraining hand on his shoulder.

"Don't damage them, I beg you, my dear Klingen," he murmured placatingly. "They have so much to tell us, it would be a shame to spoil their pretty faces beforehand."

"As you wish," the German said, pouting. He spat at me again, and this time his aim was improved.

THERE was no question that our arrival had been expected. While we watched, the *Sturmbannführer* handed LeVeq a fat roll of notes which the Frenchman counted wth careful greed, frequently moistening his finger on his tongue. Then, apparently satisfied that they'd been paid in full for their night's work, he and his thugs vanished into the blackness.

"French Underground," Frazier growled. "For which, read 'Underworld.'" It cost him another slap in the mouth—this one from the stolid S.S. man who'd replaced our youthful guardians.

They dumped us, together with our precious supplies of paper, ink and engraving plates, into the back of a vast black limousine with drawn window curtains. A heavy-gauge wire-mesh partition separated us from the two Gestapo men who were our chauffeur and footman for the journey. The situation did not look encouraging.

Gerould and his fat friend travelled in another car, and the rest of the Germans rumbled off into the night aboard a lorry, judging from the heavy roar of the engine.

With a great deal of heaving and grunting which, surprisingly, did not seem to disturb the two S.S. men up front, Frazier and I managed to squirm into positions in which we could chew through each other's ropes. This was a splendid gesture and little else. Chewing through a rope is a matter of days and not minutes, no matter what anybody says.

"How long do we have?" I asked Frazier. The big car felt as if it were doing at least sixty.

"The drop area was about forty miles from Paris," Frazier muttered, spitting out a few threads of the rope he'd been gnawing. "Figure at the outside a little over half an hour."

"There's one consolation."

"Name it."

"The thought that once this war's finished, there won't be a place on earth that's safe for Gerould."

FRAZIER snorted. We seemed to be on a main highway now, or so it felt. I struggled into a sitting position and saw that this was indeed the case. In the glare of the headlights a road marker swept out of the darkness and I saw the words: "Paris, 35 Kilometres."

More painful squirming established the fact that there were neither door nor window handles in the rear of our car. Even if we had been able to get out of those ropes, it would have done us no good.

"We may as well save our strength," Frazier said calmly. "These people won't be gentle."

I think he actually fell asleep after that. I spent the time staring bleakly out of the car's front window, watching the numbers on the black-and-yellow road markers diminish.

And then we were entering the outskirts of Paris, the drab eastern suburbs on the Marne, our big car pounding through the darkened streets between long rows of the hideous little monstrosities which pass in France for architecture.

I nudged Frazier awake. "Paris," I said. "It's a hell of a way to be coming back."

He grunted agreement and was silent again.

From time to time we passed patrols of the Wehrmacht solemnly marching two abreast in the centre of the street; field-grey uniforms in the streets of Paris, where I'd spent my last leave of the phoney war.

We'd just entered the Bois de Vincennes when our driver eased to a halt and, like a good soldier, promptly turned the headlights off, leaving the powerful engine idling. From behind us I heard a number of backfires, presumably from the car in which Gerould and his friend Klingen were riding. Then our two Germans got out to investigate, and Frazier and I were left in the pitch blackness to await our captors' pleasure.

There were a couple of additional backfires and my first reaction was the thought that the Jerries were having much worse luck with their wartime petrol than we were with ours.

I was just about to mention this to Frazier when Gerould crawled hastily into the driver's seat of our car, shifted gears noisily and jammed his foot down hard on the accelerator. The engine howled and the limousine lurched forward. Within a matter of seconds, Gerould had pushed the big machine to at least fifty and we were swayed and bumped unmercifully as

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MY LEFT FOOT (2) *Christy Brown tells the story of his fight against affliction and of the warm-hearted family who helped him*

I find new happiness in painting

WHEN MY BATTERED old go-car finally broke down I felt that the bottom had fallen out of my world. It was not so much that I missed the car itself, but the way I felt when I could no longer go out with my brothers. That old crock had been my chariot. Seated inside it, as my brothers pushed me along, I had been able to taste adventure in the streets and fields like any other boy. Without it, I suddenly became aware of my complete helplessness.

Now I was seldom happy. Life seemed to have gone sour. I would sit at the window in the kitchen of my Dublin home and gaze out at my brothers and their pals as they played a football match on the road outside the house. At times some of them would smile and wave up at me. I'd try to wave back, but when I lifted my arm it would shoot out sideways and bang against the window-frame. Then I'd throw myself on to the sofa behind me and bury my face in the corner of it.

I was now just ten, a boy who couldn't walk, speak, or use his hands even to feed or dress himself. I was helpless, but only now did I begin to realize how helpless I really was. I still didn't know anything about myself. I knew nothing beyond the fact that I was "different" from others. I didn't understand what made me different. I just knew that I couldn't run about, or play football, or climb trees as others did.

Ever since I was born, I had been a victim of cerebral palsy, caused by a brain injury during the process of birth. Mine was a severe case. I was so paralysed that I was unable to control movement of any kind—except in my left leg and foot.

I first learned how to use my left foot at the age of five, when one day I seized a piece of chalk between my toes and wrote the letter "A." As I grew older, my mother taught me how to write the whole alphabet with my left foot, and to form words and sentences. Soon I began to depend on it for everything. As I was unable to speak except in a queer grunting "language" intelligible only to my family, the words that I wrote with my left foot became my main means of communication, of making

Christy Brown, aged twelve, when he won a children's painting competition. Unable to use his hands, he painted with a brush gripped between his toes

Eamonn holds the cards for Christy Brown, who is enjoying a game with some of his brothers : from left to right, Tony, Jim, Sean, Peter and Paddy

myself understood to the outside world. Yet my foot was a poor substitute for hands: I was still a cripple.

Up to the time my go-car broke down I had never thought about myself. True, there had come sometimes a vague feeling that I wasn't like the others, an uneasy sort of stirring in my mind that came and went. But it was just one dark spot in the brightness of things, and I used soon to forget it. I had gone on playing with my brothers, enjoying the little bit of life which I saw, all the time unconscious of myself.

Now it was different. Now I saw everything, not through the eyes of a little boy eager for fun and brimming with curiosity, but through those of a cripple, a cripple who had only just discovered his own affliction.

Like Wriggling Snakes

I looked at Peter's hands. They were brown, steady hands with strong, square fingers, hands that could clasp a hurley firmly or fling a chestnut high into the air. Then I looked down at my own. They were queer, twisted hands with bent, crooked fingers, hands that were never still, but which twitched and shook continually, so that they looked more like two wriggling snakes than a pair of human hands.

I began to hate the sight of those hands, the sight of my wobbly head and lop-sided mouth as I saw them in the mirror, so that I soon came to hate and fear a mirror. It told me too much. It let me see what other people saw every time they looked at me—that when I opened my mouth it slipped sideways, making me look ugly and foolish, that when I tried to speak I only slobbered and gabbled, the saliva running down my chin at every word I attempted to say, that my head kept shaking and wobbling from side to side, that when I'd try to smile I'd only grimace and pucker up my eyes so that my face looked like an ugly mask. I was frightened at what I saw, because I had never thought I looked like that. I had looked in mirrors before, but, not knowing what to look for, I had seen nothing peculiar. Now every time I looked in a mirror the same grotesque face leered back at me.

Shattered The Mirror

One day, in tears, I climbed on to my bed, reached up my left foot, and knocked the little mirror that hung on the wall off its peg and on to the floor, where it smashed in bits. Mother, hearing the crash, rushed up the stairs and asked me what had happened. I just pointed with my foot to where the shattered glass lay, the broken bits glittering like diamonds in the shaft of sunlight that came through the curtained windows.

"That means seven years of bad luck," she said, smiling, as she swept up the broken pieces of glass.

After a few weeks Mother managed to buy me a new car, a proper invalid chair this time, that had a nice padded seat and rubber tyres. "Now you can go out again," she told me happily. I said nothing.

The next day my brothers, eager to show off my new wagon, as they called it, took me out into the streets once more. All our old pals crowded round me, each of them taking turns at pushing me along in my new car.

"We'll call this Mike," suggested one of them, rubbing his hand along the shining black leather.

"No," said Peter grandly, with his nose in the air. "We'll call it Sylvester."

That day they took me to watch them play football. It was just like old times, all the "gang" around me, telling jokes and thinking up games to play that night. But I didn't feel the same any more. Something had gone out of me, or out of life, I couldn't tell which. I couldn't laugh with them like I used to. I kept staring into their faces to see by their looks if they noticed anything peculiar about me. I hid my face whenever anybody strange passed by, but I couldn't help seeing how they would glance at my face and then down at my hands, nodding their heads significantly to whoever was with them and glancing back at me.

They went right through me, those looks from people in the streets. My brothers didn't think I took any notice, but I did. Even in the space of a few weeks, since my old go-car broke down, I had become as different in mind as I now knew I was in body. I had become more sensitive, more apprehensive to those I met outside my home. I looked on dumbly at my brothers and pals as they played around me. I found no pleasure in their games. I had become a spectator now instead of a participant.

After that day I went out no more, except, perhaps, once or twice a year, and even then I'd only let them take me out to quiet, lonely places where there were no houses or people. My brothers didn't understand what made me such a stay-at-home. They appealed to me again and again to go out with them and have fun like before, but I just shook my head and smiled at them. Then they'd scratch their heads, shrug their shoulders and go out themselves.

Couldn't Deceive Mother

Mother noticed the change in me and I believe she knew the cause of it, but she didn't say anything. She understood me better than anyone else at home. I couldn't deceive her, because she always had an uncanny way of finding out whether I was happy or sad, as though she could feel half of what I felt. She saw now that I was nearly always sad, moody and shut up in myself. I didn't crawl about the house as I used to, but sat curled up in the big armchair, staring at the fire or merely at the wall.

She tried hard to make up for it, for she saw I was lonely and knew the danger of letting loneliness stay with me. So she devised little pastimes for me, like writing out stories from

the newspapers into cheap sixpenny copy books with a lead pencil in my left foot. She'd go over them to see if I had copied them down correctly. The writing would be awful: huge, scrawling capitals sloping horizontally down the page with no dots, dashes or commas between them.

Still, though it helped to lighten the days for me, it could not take away that awful dissatisfied feeling that was beginning to take root in my heart. Writing, or rather copying, was all right; it helped to make me interested in reading, at least. But it wasn't enough. I wanted something else, something that would give me a chance to expend some of the nervous energy, some of the tautness and mental tension that welled up inside me. I soon got tired of merely copying what other people had written and I looked around for some other way in which to express myself. I felt terribly bottled up.

The Box Of Paints

I was now ten and a half and beginning to sink deeper and deeper into myself. Mother tried, but nothing could rouse me, nothing could bring back the happy child that used to be me. Then, one Christmas, one of us—I think it was Paddy—got a box of paints from Santa Claus. That same year I got a box of toy soldiers, but the moment I saw Paddy's paints, with all the wonderful colours and the long, slender, fuzzy-haired brush, I fell in love with them at once. I felt I must have them to keep as my own. I was fascinated by the little solid blocks of paint —blue, red, yellow, green and white.

Later in the day I sat and watched Paddy as he tried to make some impression with the paints on a piece of white cardboard torn from an old shoe box. But he only made a mess, and in a queer way I felt annoyed with him—and a bit jealous.

"Blow—I can't use these things!" he grumbled, flinging his brush down. "They're only for girls."

I saw my chance. Pushing out my box of lead soldiers towards him with my foot, I asked him, in grunts, to "swop" them for his paints.

"Done!" exclaimed Paddy, glad to get rid of such a "sissy's" toy. "But how are you going to use them?" I didn't know that myself, but I just lifted my left foot and smiled.

"What Are You Up To?"

I put them away till all the excitement of Christmas was past. Then one quiet afternoon when there was nobody in the kitchen but Mother and myself, I crawled over to the cupboard, opened the door with my foot and took the little black box of paints out and laid it on the floor in front of me.

"What are you up to?" said Mother, coming over to where I squatted with my back against the wall. "Surely you're not trying to paint!"

I nodded very solemnly. I picked up the brush between my toes, wetted it in my mouth, then rubbed it on one of the paint squares—the bright blue one which I liked best. I next rubbed the brush against my other foot—and saw a blue spot on it when I took it away. I could feel my face hot with excitement.

"I'll get you water," said Mother, going into the pantry and coming back with a cupful which she put on the floor beside me. I had no paper. Mother got me some by tearing a page out of Peter's sum-book. I dipped the brush into the water and rubbed on some vivid red paint. Then I steadied my foot and, while Mother looked on intently, painted on the open page before me—the outline of a cross.

I grinned triumphantly up at her. I remembered how, on that day five years previously, we had sat together on the floor, almost in the same spot, while I shook and sweated as I drew with my left foot for the first time. Mother had been there at my side then—she was at my side now, still inspiring me onwards.

There was no sweating or shaking this time. I did it quite smoothly. I was holding a painting

Continued on page 44

In Dublin's Phoenix Park. Mrs. Brown has always believed that her son will be cured. "Mother is a tremendous well of inspiration," Christy writes. "She is more than a mother ; she is a comrade in arms"

Caley au lait
Caley au lait-itee

What's so yodel-making, so tirra-lyrical about Dari-Rich chocolates? Well, first there's their extravagant layer of rich, full-cream milk chocolate. And then eleven enchanting centres — silky truffles, crispy cracknels, smooth coffee creams, crunchy nut logs and so on, deliciously so on. But gracious, you don't *explain* chocolates like these — you just eat 'em!

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Fashion conquers the outsize world

by NORMAN PHILLIPS

To self-conscious women with sixty-inch hips, Louis Mintz brings style and comfort—with the Paris touch

WHEN THE WINNER of a local contest arrived at a shop in Ilford, Essex, to claim her prize — a ready-to-wear dress—she created a crisis. Her hips measured seventy-two inches—two yards round—far beyond the normal range of fittings. "But don't worry," the proprietor told her. "We'll see if Louis Mintz can help you."

Mintz was eager to oblige. Although his business is the mass-production of large dresses —he has made and sold 60,000 of one design alone—he is also the self-appointed champion of the "mature," the "not so slender," the "fuller figure" or outsize woman. The Ilford prizewinner, with her seventy-two inch hips, gave him the opportunity of making the biggest dress ever turned out by his factories.

Louis Mintz is short and rotund, with a broken nose that makes him look like a comfortably retired prizefighter, and he manufactures 250,000 dresses a year for women whose hips are forty-four inches or larger. The national average is thirty-eight inches. His statistics show that there are approximately five million potential customers in Britain whose figures have reached outsize dimensions.

The names and addresses of at least half a million of Britain's oversize women are filed in

In his London salon, Louis Mintz advises on an outsize gown. To put customers at ease, he tells shops to employ salesgirls with ample figures

Mintz and his wife watch their son, Richard, play with the dog in their garden. Once, he put on a fashion show there. Only insurance problems stopped him holding one in an air liner

Mintz's London office. He gets them in answer to advertisements, in letters asking for advice, or simply by stopping ample-sized women in the street.

According to Mintz, fifty-nine separate measurements affect the fitting of a dress. Calculating average dimensions is a complicated problem studied by statisticians and government departments as well as by manufacturers.

Britain's largest women are found on the west coast of Scotland. They are not only big in girth, but their cross-back measurement—an important factor in fitting—is also large. Country women are two to four pounds heavier, a shade taller and half an inch larger in girth than city dwellers.

Environment seems to affect size. Mintz finds that when women move from a part of the country noted for its large figures they tend to lose inches and to conform to the pattern of their new district.

Trend Towards Smaller Waists

The increasing popularity of foundation garments is another factor which influences the sizes in which dresses are mass-produced. Since the war, Mintz has noted a trend among large women towards smaller waists and bigger busts. This change in proportions is caused by improved corseting.

Letters addressed to Linda Leigh, a fictitious character used by Mintz as a brand name, also help to gauge size trends. Most writers state their oversize measurements frankly. A few make touching pleas for help. A thirty-three year old Berkshire woman with a seventy-two inch bust wrote: "I am self-conscious about my figure, and have never been to London. I don't think there is anyone as big as me." She wanted advice about buying a dress, and Mintz sent a car to bring her to his London showroom to be measured and fitted.

Mintz manufactures his dresses in eighteen different sizes—a normal range of forty-four to sixty inch hips, plus a half-size range from forty-five to sixty-one inches. He calls his smallest sizes his "slim" fittings, to flatter women who don't like to face the fact that they are oversize.

"Women with hips measuring up to forty-six inches," Mintz says, "usually feel apologetic about their size. Larger women accept Fate and are a generous, happy and contented class."

Stopped An Attractive Girl

To avoid making customers self-conscious, Mintz advises retailers to employ, in outsize departments, sales girls with ample figures. He also lends oversized mannequins to put on fashion shows of large dresses.

Youthful-looking outsize fashion models are difficult to find. Mintz once saw, passing his showrooms, an attractive, twenty-seven year old girl with hips that he estimated to be forty-eight inches. He pursued her, invited her in and made one of his staff give her a complete course in modelling.

One regular model is Averil Ames, a dancer who outgrew her job in London's Windmill Theatre chorus. Another former dancer, Eve Coles, is an ideal model with forty-six inch hips, and not only appears in fashion shows but also acts as a guinea pig, testing the wearing quality of new fabrics. She often wears a dress as many as two hundred times to determine its durability and other qualities.

Fabrics are usually chosen to suit a certain design. Mintz is his own chief designer, and to produce the seventy dresses that make up his summer or winter collection he may create five hundred different models. The remaining 430 are rejected. Ideas come to him from studying American trends, visiting French and Italian fashion shows or from seeing expensively dressed outsize women, like his friend Sophie Tucker, the buxom American entertainer.

"Sophie will pay several hundred pounds for a dress," Mintz says. "She knows how to make herself attractive. She taught me not to cover up the neck of a large woman and also to use three-quarter length sleeves rather than full ones, to achieve a youthful look."

Another generously proportioned woman whom Mintz admires is Queen Salote of Tonga. When she came to London for the Coronation, he invited her to visit his factories and to take back two hundred dresses for those of her subjects who wear outsizes.

To keep up-to-date, Mintz visits Paris every six or eight weeks. There, at certain collections, he is sometimes charged £100 for the privilege of watching mannequins display a famous couturier's designs.

Designs Were Ready In A Week

Even taking notes is forbidden while watching these shows. As soon as he leaves, Mintz pulls out a pencil and begins to draw in details on specially prepared outlines. If a dress pleases him, he may buy it for as much as £150. From it he may get enough ideas for thirty dresses in his own oversize range.

On July 12 this year, Mintz went to Paris for five days to visit fashion houses, shops and fabric designers. He returned by air on the Friday with samples of cloth costing up to £2 a yard, from which he hoped to get English mills to produce similar but less expensive material. On the following Sunday, he went to his office and spent the day at the drawing-board. A week later he was ready to show designs to a few selected buyers. The dresses that found favour will make their first appearance in a November fashion show, and deliveries to shops will begin in December.

An able showman, Mintz was restrained only by insurance problems from holding one of his fashion shows in an airliner flying over London. In the past, he has presented his collections in a night club, in a Thames launch and at his farm near King's Langley, Hertfordshire.

Born near Zürich, Switzerland, forty-six years ago, Louis John Mintz was brought to London at the age of four by his father, who manufactured blouses in London's East End. His factory had one of the early telephones. "It was a wall phone," Mintz recalls. "Orders were written down on the wall beside it. One day the wall was re-papered. We lost all record of our orders and almost went out of business."

After turning down his parents' suggestion that he should go to a theological seminary—a decision he sometimes regrets—Mintz started work at fourteen. At sixteen and a half, he was established as an importer of knitwear and hosiery and earning £1,500 a year. "I was an awful little spiv," Mintz recalls, "driving round in a big car with a chauffeur."

Courtship Led To Dress Plan

In 1931, Britain went off the gold standard and his prosperous import business ended. Mintz took his profits and went into the dress field. At about the same time he began courting a girl named Hannah whose mother wore outsize clothes.

As part of his campaign to win Hannah, Mintz made her mother some dresses. They were so successful that he not only married the girl, but also decided that his future lay in making garments in sizes similar to those he had created for his mother-in-law.

Today, his firm has a turnover of £1,000,000 a year.

His wife helps in one aspect of the business. When Mintz offered his card to a sturdy matron and invited her to his office to be measured, the woman told him: "You must be crazy."

Now he tries to make sure that Hannah is present to explain that his interest in size and shape is strictly scientific. THE END

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARTHUR WHITTINGTON

Hilary started. From behind the lamp, the bearded figure of Aristides suddenly appeared. He moved to a chair, and bowed. "You permit, madame?"

DESTINATION UNKNOWN

by AGATHA CHRISTIE

So this was how the scientists vanished without trace! Hilary saw it all now—from the inside. It was happening to her . . .

HILARY CRAVEN was in the Moroccan city of Fez on a suicide mission. Her job was to find a missing British scientist—and she knew that if she did, she would probably be "eliminated."

The scientist, an atomic physicist called Tom Betterton, had vanished two months before. British agents had been following his wife, Olive, who had gone on holiday to Casablanca. It looked as if she might lead them to her husband—but she had been involved in a plane crash and had died in hospital.

Hilary had wished she was in that plane herself. Shattered by the break-up of her marriage and the death of her child, she was on the point of suicide when Mr. Jessop walked into her life.

He was a British agent engaged on the Betterton case. Arguing that if Hilary insisted on seeking death she might do so in a useful cause, he had persuaded her to exchange identities with Mrs. Betterton. She had the same red hair, the same passport particulars. . . .

Before Olive Betterton died she whispered a meaningless jingle about "Snow, snow, beautiful snow" and said her husband must be "careful of Boris"—probably, Jessop felt, Boris Glydr, a Polish cousin of Betterton's first wife.

Jessop's plan soon began to work. Mysteriously, a seat was booked for Hilary on the train to Fez. She took the train hoping to receive some sign, perhaps a message. . . . Yet the only person who spoke to her was a voluble little Frenchman, Henri Laurier, who persisted in discussing the weather.

Two women tourists she had met in Casablanca turned up at her Fez hotel—a bustling American, Mrs. Calvin Baker, and a sour English spinster, Miss Hetherington—but it seemed unlikely that either could be a contact with the missing Betterton.

Trying to pass time, Hilary toured the old part of Fez. The guide took her to a tourist shop, and there she was shown to a toilet-room. She had a quick wash and turned to leave—but the door had jammed.

It was then that she found another, smaller door in the far wall. It opened easily—and brought her face to face with M. Henri Laurier.

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LITTLE

PART THREE

"Everything Is Arranged"

LAURIER did not rise to greet her. He merely said, and the timbre of his voice was slightly changed, "Good afternoon, Mrs. Betterton." For a moment Hilary stood motionless. Astonishment held her in its grip. So this—was *it*!

She pulled herself together. *This is what*

you've been expecting. Act as you think she *would act.* She came forward and said eagerly, "You have news for me? You can help me?"

He nodded, then said, "I found you, madame, somewhat obtuse upon the train. Perhaps you are too well accustomed to talk of the weather."

"The weather?" She stared at him, bewildered. What had he said about weather on the train? Cold? Fog? Snow?

Snow. That was what Olive Betterton had whispered as she lay dying. And she had quoted a silly little jingle—what was it?

Snow, snow, beautiful snow,
You slip on a lump and over you go.

Hilary repeated it falteringly now.

"Exactly—why did you not respond with that immediately as ordered?"

"You don't understand. I have been ill. I was in a plane crash and afterwards in hospital with concussion. It's affected my memory in all sorts of ways." She let her hands rise to her head. She found it easy enough to go on with a real tremor in her voice. "You can't understand how frightening that is. I keep feeling that I've forgotten important things—really important things."

LAURIER spoke in a cold, businesslike way. "Yes," he said, "the aeroplane crash was unfortunate. It is going to be a question of whether you have the necessary stamina and courage to continue your journey."

"Of course I'm going to continue my journey," cried Hilary. "My husband——" her voice broke.

He smiled, but it was not a very pleasant smile. Faintly catlike. "Your husband," he said, "is, I understand, awaiting you with eagerness."

Hilary's voice broke. "You have no idea," she said, "no idea what it's been like these months since he went away."

"Do you think the British authorities came to a definite conclusion as to what you did or did not know?"

Hilary stretched out her hands with a wide gesture.

"How do I know—how can I tell? They *seemed* satisfied."

"All the same. . . ." He stopped.

"I think it quite possible," said Hilary slowly, "that I have been followed here. I can't pick out any one particular person, but I have had the feeling ever since I left England that I am under observation."

"Naturally," said Laurier, coldly. "We expected no less."

"I thought I ought to warn you."

"My dear Mrs. Betterton, we are not children. We understand what we are doing. And now, I will give you your instructions, madame. From here you will proceed to Marrakesh the day after tomorrow. That is as you planned and in accordance with your reservations."

"Yes."

"The day after you arrive there, you will receive a telegram from England. What it will say I do not know, but it will be sufficient for you to make plans immediately to return to England."

"I am to *return to England?*"

"Please listen. I have not finished. You will book a seat on a plane leaving Casablanca the following day."

"Supposing I cannot get reservations—supposing the seats are all booked?"

"They will not be all booked. Everything is arranged for. Now, you understand your instructions?"

"I understand."

"Then please return to where your guide is waiting. You have been long enough in this ladies' toilet. By the way, you have become friendly with an American woman and an Englishwoman who are now staying at the Palais Jamaï?"

"Yes. Has that been a mistake? It has been difficult to avoid."

"Not at all. It suits our plans admirably. If you can persuade one or other of them to accompany you to Marrakesh, so much the better. Goodbye, madame."

"Au revoir, monsieur."

"It is unlikely," Monsieur Laurier told her with a complete lack of interest, "that I shall meet you again."

"So you're leaving for Marrakesh tomorrow," said Miss Hetherington. "You haven't made a very long stay in Fez, have you? Wouldn't it have been much easier to go to Marrakesh first, and then to Fez, returning to Casablanca afterwards?"

"I suppose it would really," said Hilary, "but reservations are rather difficult to obtain. It's pretty crowded here." She paused, and looked from Miss Hetherington to her American friend. "I wish I could persuade you two to come to Marrakesh with me," she said. "It's been so pleasant meeting you and talking to you here. Really, it's very lonely travelling all by oneself."

"I've *been* to Marrakesh," said Miss Hetherington in a shocked voice.

Mrs. Calvin Baker, however, appeared to be somewhat sold on the suggestion.

"Well, it certainly is an idea," she said. "It's over a month since I was in Marrakesh. I'd be

The pilot pointed. Across the desert a car was racing towards them. "But why have we come down here?" said Hilary. "What is the matter?"

Hilary glanced back. She saw Andy Peters step forward, saw his puzzled look. Perhaps it's the last time, she thought, that I'll ever see him

quite happy to go there again for a spell. I wonder now. I'll go right to the office and see what I can fix up."

Miss Hetherington said acidly, when Mrs. Baker had departed: "That's exactly like these American women. Rushing from place to place. Sometimes I really don't think they know what country they're in."

She shut her lips with a snap, and, rising and gathering up her knitting carefully, left the Turkish room with a little nod to Hilary as she went. Hilary sat on there alone in the low, rather dark room with its Oriental hangings, thinking of the future.

Now she was on the point of starting on her real journey. She must be careful, very careful. She must make no slip. She must be Olive Betterton, moderately well educated, inartistic, conventional but with definite Left Wing sympathies, and a woman who was devoted to her husband.

I must make no mistake, said Hilary to herself, under her breath. How strange it felt to be sitting here alone in a hotel in Morocco! She felt as though she had got into a land of mystery and enchantment. That dim lamp beside her! If she were to take the carved brass between her hands and rub, would a Djin of the Lamp appear? As the thought came to her, she started. Materializing quite suddenly from beyond the lamp, she saw the small wrinkled face and pointed beard of M. Aristides, the financier who was the Palais Jamaï's most distinguished guest.

He moved to a chair close to hers and made a polite bow. "You permit, madame?"

Hilary responded politely.

Taking out his cigarette case, he offered her a cigarette. She accepted, and he lit one himself also.

"It pleases you, this country, madame?" he asked, after a moment or two.

"I have been here only a very short time," said Hilary. "I find it so far quite enchanting."

"Ah. And you have been into the old city? You liked it?"

"I think it is wonderful."

"Yes, it is wonderful. It is the Past there——the past of commerce, of intrigue, of whispering voices, shuttered activities, all the mystery and passion of a city enclosed in its narrow streets and walls. Do you know what I think of, madame, when I walk through the streets of Fez?"

"No?"

"I think of your Great West Road in London. I think of your great factory buildings on each side of the road. I think of those buildings lit throughout with the fluorescent lighting and the people inside, that you see so clearly from the road as you drive along in your car. There is nothing hidden, there is nothing mysterious. It is like slicing off the top of an anthill."

"You mean," said Hilary, interested, "that it is the contrast that interests you?"

M. Aristides nodded his elderly, tortoise-like head.

"Yes," he said. "There everything is in the open, and in the old streets of Fez nothing is *à jour*. Everything is hidden, dark. *But*—" he leaned forward and tapped a finger on the little brass coffee table "—but the same things go on. The same cruelties, the same oppressions, the same wish for power, the same bargaining and haggling."

"You think that human nature is the same everywhere?" Hilary asked.

"In every country. In the past as in the present there are always the two things that rule. Cruelty and benevolence!" He continued with hardly a change of manner: "They have told me, madame, that you were in a bad aeroplane accident the other day at Casablanca?"

"Yes, that is true."

"I envy you," M. Aristides said unexpectedly.

Hilary looked at him in an astonished manner. Again he waggled his head in vehement assertion. "Yes," he added, "you are to be envied. You have had an experience. I should like the experience of having come so near to death. To have that, yet survive—do you not feel yourself different since then, madame?"

"In a rather unfortunate way," said Hilary. "I had concussion and that gives me very bad headaches, and it also affects my memory."

"Those are mere inconveniences," said M. Aristides with a wave of the hand, "but it is an adventure of the spirit you have passed through, is it not?"

"It is true," said Hilary slowly, "that I have passed through an adventure of the spirit."

She was thinking of a bottle of Vichy water and a little heap of sleeping pills.

"I have never had that experience," said

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Geoffrey Jellicoe puts scenery on the map

by REX GRIZELL

He's an architect who improves the view, even if he has to move a river or carve a park out of a Barbados jungle

A WEALTHY ENGLISHMAN who bought a mansion in Barbados in which to spend his retirement found that, after a lifetime of orderly living, the twenty acres of jungle round the house bothered him. He sent for Geoffrey Jellicoe, a London landscape architect who, years before, had designed the park on his country estate in England.

Jellicoe flew out to Barbados, and on arrival was asked to make an English-looking park from the jungle. He gave himself a week in which to do the job. On the first day, he gave instructions to a local contractor to have all the undergrowth cleared from the site as quickly as possible.

Next morning Jellicoe awoke to find about twenty West Indian women clearing the ground. By that afternoon, he was able to see what trees were growing on the site, and he went over the land, marking those which were to be cleared away altogether to open up avenues.

Each day after that, he showed where small and ugly trees could be discarded to let in space and light. Jellicoe flew back to England leaving behind, in place of a tangled mass of vegetation, a neatly laid-out park with vistas down to the ocean, small plantations, and single, stately trees. Later, he shipped out wrought-iron gates to complete the picture.

In his fifties, Jellicoe is a brisk, cheerful man, with thinning grey hair and a round, red face, full of beaming enthusiasm for his work. He is one of the few architects who undertake large-scale landscape work, such as the restoration of countryside scarred by cement, gravel or iron workings; the design of municipal parks; the planning of government housing estates; town planning in Britain and Africa; alterations to the parks of great country houses; and the lay-out of buildings and grounds in modern factories. Among his jobs have been the planning of the new town at Hemel Hempstead, and alterations to the gardens at Sandringham and the Royal Lodge, Windsor.

Jellicoe, who plans other people's gardens on a grand scale, hates gardening. His wife tends his own plot—which is only fifteen feet wide

Wanted Two Artificial Lakes

Sometimes, apparently simple landscape jobs can have an unexpected twist to them. Once, Jellicoe was called in by the new owner of a country estate. His land contained a large artificial lake dammed at one end. Beyond the dam, at a slightly lower level, was a bowl-shaped depression which the owner thought had once been a second lake, and he wanted to refill it. Jellicoe saw no reason why this should not be done by running off water from the higher lake.

Operations were started one afternoon, and the owner retired to bed that night with the prospect of seeing his park beautified by two lakes in the morning. But when he got up, he was shocked to find, not two lakes, but two empty, muddy lake beds. In the night, all the water had run away through a fault in the clay of the depression.

Says Jellicoe: "The owner was furious. The small stream which supplied the upper lake took a year to fill it again."

Jellicoe admits that at one time he had a passion for water, and brought it into almost every plan he made. For the gardens of Jesus College, Cambridge, instead of the usual high wall to prevent undergraduates climbing in after hours, he designed a water barrier. He spent an afternoon with the Master and Fellows of the college, deciding how far an undergraduate could jump in the dark, after an evening out. His design was approved but may not be carried out because of the cost.

He was delighted when he was able to sell a similar design to a famous chocolate manufacturer when he planned the gardens for a new seaside factory. The manufacturer wanted a high fence to prevent possible damage by sightseers from a nearby industrial town. Jellicoe hates fences; instead, he created a wide, artificial stream with the water tumbling over small weirs, the whole enclosed by a low wall from which visitors could view the gardens. From the street, the stream was out of sight to anyone a few paces from the wall.

One young man, seeing the low wall, decided to show his girl friend how athletic he was. He took a flying leap over it and landed in the water. When Jellicoe heard about this, he suggested that a warning notice should be put up to prevent possible damage—to the sightseers.

One of Jellicoe's earlier jobs was the designing of a restaurant for the Marquess of Bath at the entrance to caves in the Cheddar Gorge. Tons of rock were blasted from the foot of a huge cliff to increase the available space.

The restaurant was such a success that, after the first year, Lord Bath decided to expand it. The only available space was in a protected spot which trapped all the sunshine. "I had to consider the fact that more people came on hot days," says Jellicoe. "Any ordinary roof would have made the restaurant as hot as an oven. In the end I thought of having a glass roof with

To protect a factory's gardens from damage by invisible from the road. One man thought he'd

sightseers, Jellicoe built a water barrier that was jump into the gardens—and landed in mid-stream

Jellicoe shows his design for an estate near Guildford to the site agent. His first town plan was his own idea—he took it to a Cotswold village, and persuaded the residents to accept it

two feet of water above it, forming a pool for fish." This pool was about sixty feet long and contained thousands of gallons of water above the heads of the customers.

Jellicoe found that he had made one mistake. The fish did not like being looked at from below, and they all died. "We provided a few hollow rocks for the next lot of fish to hide in when they felt bashful, and they were perfectly all right."

When Jellicoe first set up in practice, he did a job in Broadway, the famous Cotswold village. When it was finished, he had only a few pounds in the bank, and no prospects. One day, as he walked on a hill above the village, he wondered what he could do to make himself a reputation.

Road\For Land Now Beneath Sea

Looking down on the village, Jellicoe decided to prepare a plan which would allow for its development, and at the same time avoid spoiling it. At that time, town planning was a textbook term, but Jellicoe showed his plan to influential residents and eventually persuaded them to adopt it and to pay him for it.

Now, he is often asked to produce such a development plan. Two years ago, he worked out a scheme for the development of a part of Dungeness during the next forty years. There, he found that the whole area is shingle, and that the sea recedes at the rate of six feet a year. Jellicoe's plan includes a road which will be built on land which is now still beneath the sea.

Mistakes in landscape work do not happen very often, says Jellicoe, but when they do occur they can be expensive. At one country house, his design called for a series of terraces running down to a lake. The work involved a tremendous amount of earth-moving and replacement. The correct method of doing this is to take off the top soil, keep it to one side, complete the modelling of the land, and then replace the top soil.

In this case, the men doing the work got the top soil and the subsoil inextricably mixed. Jellicoe knew that nothing would grow on the land. He called in an expert on grass cultivation, who advised bringing in two inches of top soil, sowing special seed, and long-term chemical feeding of the grass. The men's error cost Jellicoe £400.

When Jellicoe designed gardens for a house in Regent's Park, London, the owner asked him to include a large fountain with underwater illumination. After warning her that there was a slight risk, he went ahead with the work. When it was finished, the woman gave a party at a fashionable hotel, and then invited her friends home to see her wonderful new fountain. "She lined them up on the terrace in the dark, and pressed the button which controlled the lighting," says Jellicoe. "For a few seconds there was a soft glow of light in the pool and the falling water sparkled, then there was a 'phut' and the lights went out. She told me that it was one of her most embarrassing experiences. It was certainly one of mine."

Under the stress of the heat of the lights on one side, and the coolness of the water on the other, the glass had cracked and let the water into the electrical system.

Years of experience, coupled with expert knowledge, have taught Jellicoe to know what the customer wants almost better than the customer himself. At the beginning of the war, he was asked to plan eight housing schemes in the west of England for Ministry of Supply war factories. For this contract, Jellicoe was working as a planner, not as a landscape architect, but he felt that a landscape architect was needed to plan for trees and gardens on the estates; he told the ministry that he would engage one at his own expense. In a fierce discussion with the Minister, Jellicoe was reminded that those were austerity times and that landscape architects were a luxury.

Jellicoe replied that the houses were meant to be permanent, and that permanent values were involved. He saw no reason to abandon such values because of war. He ended by threatening to walk out. "It was one of the biggest rows I've had," says Jellicoe, "but I got my own way in the end."

On another occasion, Jellicoe was asked to visit a site not far from London. The owner, a rather overbearing man, met him and said: "I'm building a tremendous house here of Cotswold stone. It's going to cost me a fortune. I want a garden to go with it."

"What sort of garden do you want?"

"I want the best garden."

Refused To Work On A Fake

Ideas of what constitutes the best garden vary, and so Jellicoe tried to find out what the client really wanted, but the man refused to commit himself. Jellicoe lost his patience.

"I told him I didn't understand what he wanted, and that I felt I couldn't work with him because a Cotswold house in that part of the country would be a fake." He never heard from the man again, but when the house had been finished, pictures of it appeared in a famous magazine. It had been built in modern style—of brick.

Some owners are impatient for results. For one country house, Jellicoe designed a large, formal garden to be surrounded by a hedge of four hundred yew trees. The owner was away when the trees arrived; as they have to be transplanted quickly, Jellicoe gave instructions

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The Little Fishes

by ***RUMER GODDEN***

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE DITTON

We knew it would be strange at first; we never guessed it *could* be as awful as this

WHEN THE CAR with our mother in it had driven away, we were sent with a lay sister up to the nun in charge of the dormitories, Sister Irene. Sister Irene had a very white skin and the banded coif she wore showed the hollows in her cheeks and made her grey eyes look big; we had never seen anyone as tall, as graceful or as cool.

"These are the two little Goddens," said the lay sister.

Sister Irene looked down at us. "What queer little fishes!" she said.

There is a tinted photograph taken of us just before we went to school; the photographer knocked our heads gently together—in those days that was the way in which sisters were posed—and we have come out two sallow, thin small girls, cheek to cheek, with too much hair and wide open eyes. Ruth's eyes were like the spaniel's in the poem: "eyes like mottoes," eloquent and sincere; they impelled you to live up to them. But in the photograph our eyes have an appalled look; perhaps it was with the swiftness of what had happened to us.

A month ago we had been part of the small contented world of the Indian town we lived in; perhaps it was an unreal world, but to us it had been halcyon. We had been the most important Europeans there and my father ruled imperially; my mother was queen and we, quite naturally, were princesses.

"What shall I call the King when I get to England?" I had asked my mother before we sailed. "Shall I call him Your Majesty or just plain George?"

It was a shock when we reached England to find we did not know the King, that we were just an ordinary middle-class family, not special or interesting in any way. Then Ruth and I were torn from Father and Mother—who seemed to take it as a matter of course—and sent to school, to the Anglican Convent of St. Monica's. It was the end of our childhood.

In the photograph our mouths are slightly open, which gives us the look of two little fishes, gasping. "Queer fishes, out of water," said Sister Irene.

We must have looked very queer; the school coats were thicker than anything we had ever worn and we moved stiffly in them like marionettes; their dark blue made us look even more sallow than we were; we had not worn gloves before and we held our fingers straight out in our new brown kid gloves.

"Curl your fingers *round*," said Sister Irene. "Relax them." Our noses and eyes were swollen and pink with weeping and cold and our pie-dish hats would not sit down on our curly hair. "That hair must be tied *back*!" said Sister Irene and, before she took us downstairs, she plaited it for us; it was to be one of our disgraces that we did not know how to plait. My hair soon adapted itself, but Ruth's obstinately curled in its plaits. Ruth was older, less adaptable; it was altogether harder for Ruth than for me.

"Why do we have to go to school?" we had asked desperately. "Why in England, not India?"

We knew the answer to that. It was the Climate and the Accent.

Ruth was thirteen and I was twelve but, from the torrid heat, we were undersized, thin and sickly. We spoke, it seemed, in a clipped singsong way that they called "chi-chi;" Sister Margaret, our form-mistress, said it was atrocious.

"In the merry month of May," said Sister Margaret in smooth bell-like tones.

"In-th-merree-munt-ov-Maiee," we said after her.

"No! No! No!" cried Sister Margaret and the whole form shouted with laughter; soon, whenever we spoke, we were corrected by everyone.

"If you live in a chi-chi place no one knows you are chi-chi," said Ruth longingly.

EVERY day India seemed more far away, more beautiful and dear; that little town instead of this ugly village, our dear house with the high rooms and stone floors and heavy shutters, instead of this labyrinthine building with its red brick towers and cross. We thought of our big garden with the swing under the mango tree that smelled of honey and sun; we saw the tangles of flowers, morning glory and quisqualis and jasmine and hibiscus and bamboo instead of these bare games fields, the asphalt playground and gravelled walks.

In India we had had animals, Sadie the mongoose and the ponies; we had servants, our fat, useless, kind nurse, Moti Ayah and Ram Prasad, the gateman, who was our best friend. Here there was no one for us to pet, no one to pet us.

St. Monica's was big, up-to-date, ugly, cheerful and prosaic; it seemed unutterably chill and stark to us. There were classrooms with long windows and deal furniture, a gymnasium

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Keep silent in the corridors—that was a rule. Always, if you meet a nun, stand still till she has passed—that was another. We did so. . . .

Two Californian rainmakers, Robert Elliott (standing) and John Walser, test a cloud-seeding generator. It releases silver iodide into the air in the form of an invisible smoke of tiny crystals

Eugene Bollay (left) studies weather charts with

Weather wizard who turns on the rain

by KEITH ELLIS

By the flick of a switch, Eugene Bollay releases a downpour or a blizzard. He brings life to arid farmlands—and once he even put out a forest fire

PASADENA, CALIFORNIA

FOREST FIRE THREATENED seven hundred square miles of young timber at Tillamook Burn, Oregon, U.S.A., about three years ago. For months the lumber company which operated in the area had been fighting the blaze as it flared up sporadically over the tinder-dry land. At his wits' end, the manager of the company telephoned Eugene Bollay, president of North American Weather Consultants at Pasadena.

"Can you make it rain?" he pleaded. Bollay said he would try.

Eight weeks later, John Walser, the young field meteorologist in charge of the rain-making project, and his operators set their equipment in action. In the next five days rain fell in sheets. "It was agreed," says Bollay, "that the rain effectively put out the fire." Diffident and well groomed, forty year old Bollay and his partner, Robert Elliott, have built up since 1950 a thriving business which consists chiefly of making rain. Although they have never again tackled anything as spectacular as the forest fire, they have increased rainfall in arid farmland and in the water-catchment areas of cities that have run short of water.

Bollay's organization is one of four major rain-making concerns in the United States. One of them, the Water Resources Development Corporation, claims to be doing a million dollars worth of business a year. Specializing in farm projects, it operates in seventeen states, stretching from Canada to the Mexican border.

Another company, Howell Associates, was hired by New York City during the rain shortage

rainfall by thirty per cent," says Bollay, "but of 1950-51. Over thirty-one weeks, it produced a rainfall fourteen per cent higher than that in neighbouring areas. This provided an increase of approximately two weeks' supply in the city's reservoirs. Last winter the firm was hired by the town of Manchester, Vermont, to increase snowfall. Its fees were contributed by business men anxious to develop Manchester as a winter sports centre.

"Pirates" Alarm Politicians

Although for years orthodox meteorologists ridiculed rain-making, business men and farmers supported it from the outset. Today, it is accepted in the United States as just one more way in which science can improve on Nature.

Politicians are thinking of how they can control it. Alarmed at the possibility of "pirate" rain-makers stealing its water, the State of Wyoming has passed a law declaring its sovereignty over all clouds above its territory.

More constructively, President Eisenhower has appointed an advisory committee to gather information on weather control and to recommend ways of supervising rainmaking.

Like all the rain-makers, Bollay insists that he needs the right weather conditions. "I can't produce rain in the middle of a drought," he says. "I need the right kind of clouds and I can't make them appear out of a blue sky." Often, after studying local weather conditions, he has had to turn down farmers desperate for rain to save their crops and stock.

On one occasion, a timber company, impressed with his success at Tillamook, asked if he could put out another forest fire. "I looked up the records for the area," he recalls, "and found that the average rainfall for that time of year was two three-hundredths of an inch. I had to say: 'Sorry, it would be a waste of money.'"

He consented to try at Tillamook only because there was a chance that the seasonal storm front would appear early. John Walser says that at

one of his meteorologists. "We can increase we cannot turn deserts into green valleys"

first the Tillamook people thought his mere presence would bring rain. "But for weeks at a time there wasn't a cloud in the sky," he says.

Small fires constantly sprang up. During one outbreak, covering a hundred square miles, he felt so useless that he used his trucks to help the lumber company to drag its equipment out of the danger area. Only after eight weeks did the right kinds of clouds appear, heavy and solid, with dark, bulbous undersides.

"It was the first storm of the season," says Bollay. "We got more than thirteen inches in five days."

He has never claimed that he was responsible for all thirteen inches. "As near as we can calculate, we increased by about six and three-quarter inches the amount that would have fallen, anyway." Experts agreed, however, that it was just this increase that put out the fire.

Bollay calculates that a year's seeding of the 1,200 square mile watershed of the California Oregon Power Company increased the run-off by twenty-five per cent in 1952 and thirteen per cent in 1953. An independent consultant said that the cash value of the increase was a million dollars. "Generally," says Bollay, "we increase rainfall by twenty to thirty per cent."

Crystals Attract Moisture

He explains that in middle latitudes rain is produced naturally when tiny ice crystals—a pinhead could support ten thousand of them—form in the upper levels of clouds. They attract to themselves moisture from neighbouring water droplets and, when they are sufficiently heavy, fall as rain or snow.

"A droplet of pure water," says Bollay, "does not freeze at nought degrees Centigrade." Water droplets turn spontaneously to ice crystals at temperatures of up to forty degrees below zero. Often, a cloud consists solely of droplets not quite cold enough to freeze.

In 1946, Dr. Irving Langmuir and Dr. Vincent Schaefer, of the General Electric Company, discovered that they could make the droplets become ice crystals by sprinkling the cloud with pellets of dry ice from an aeroplane. The ice reduces the temperature of the droplets sufficiently.

A third researcher, Dr. Bernard Vonnegut, sought to convert the water droplets by artificially introducing impurities which would cause them to turn into ice at higher temperatures. After experimenting with numerous chemicals he found that silver iodide crystals would produce ice at temperatures as high as five degrees below zero Centigrade.

Between them, the three scientists had shown that it was possible to get rain from clouds which, left to themselves, would produce no rain at all. "Cloud-seeding" was the name they gave to the technique of introducing ice pellets or silver iodide crystals.

Cloud-seeding has become so commonplace in the dry western states of America that Bollay's firm has occasionally clashed with other seeders. "We once contracted to seed in Kansas," he says. "In an adjoining area, just over the border in Colorado, another firm was also seeding."

One day, a heavy storm passed over both areas and both firms seeded. Since Bollay's North American was on the fringe of the storm it got much less rain than its rival, whose area lay directly under the centre.

He Made Two Hundred Tests

Overselling and exaggerated claims at first antagonized orthodox meteorologists. "Seeding is more or less like praying," said one. "It seems a matter of faith." Dr. Ross Gunn, a member of the U.S. Weather Bureau's Physical Research Division, seeded clouds in Ohio, California and the Gulf States from a U.S. Air Force plane.

After two hundred tests under all conditions, he reported: "Not once were we able to make rain of any economic importance." He disposed of the theory of ice-seeding with the remark: "You might as well spit over the side."

A number of rainmakers claim that Gunn's failure was due to over-seeding: if too many ice pellets or silver iodide crystals are introduced into a cloud, so many ice crystals form that insufficient moisture remains to make them heavy enough to fall. Virtually dried up, the cloud drifts away as a veil of infinitesimal ice crystals. Later, these ice crystals may seed other clouds many miles away.

"Clouds over-seeded in the High Sierras of California once produced heavy rain four hundred miles away in the Rockies," says Bollay. Today, most scientists agree that, within limits, cloud-seeding does increase rainfall and is at least worth further experiment.

Can Fit On Back Of A Lorry

Commercial cloud-seeders usually use silver iodide. Bollay's company operates three types of generator. The standard model consists of a rectangular metal box, two feet high, a foot wide and eighteen inches deep. Other models are adapted to fit on the back of a lorry or in the fuselage of an aeroplane. The silver iodide is vaporized, and turns into an invisible smoke of tiny crystals. "During a storm there are always currents which carry the smoke up into the clouds," says Bollay. Hence, it is usually unnecessary to seed from an aeroplane.

Each generator has been adjusted so that it gives out approximately one thousand million million silver iodide crystals a minute. If it gave out more there would be over-seeding. "Ideally, there should be one silver iodide crystal to every thousand water droplets," says Bollay. "That is just sufficient to form small snowflakes."

He laughed when a farmer once told him: "We like your kind of rain. It's finer than the natural rain. It doesn't wash away the topsoil." Later, other farmers made similar

A cloud before seeding. The leading edges (right) are already beginning to evaporate because of contact with dry air from below

Five minutes after seeding with dry ice. The seeding was done from a plane: normally, with silver iodide, it can be done from the ground

The first sign of storm appears on the underside of the cloud. "I cannot produce rain unless I have the right clouds," says Bollay

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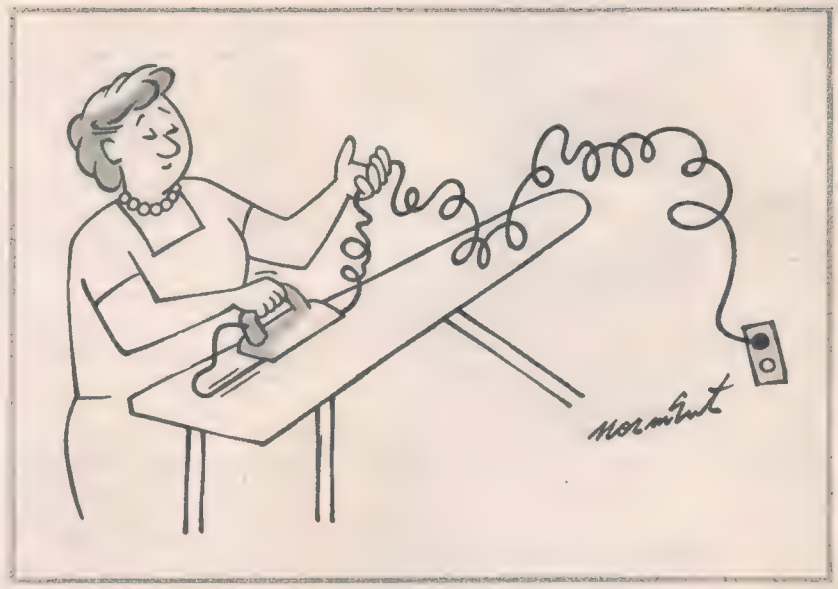

remarks. He then realized that in a storm the extra ice crystals provided by seeding would attract moisture from the "natural" drops, and so all the drops would be smaller.

When a client asks his company to increase rainfall, Bollay first checks the weather records of the area and, if there is a possibility of producing rain, estimates the cost. Should the client think it worth while, Bollay sends a field meteorologist, generators and trucks to the area.

The meteorologist selects a working centre and positions for his generators. "We hire operators on the spot," says Walser. "They have to be responsible people who can be reached at all hours by telephone. A local garage, café or store proprietor is often the best." For turning the generator on and off as required the operator is paid at least £25 a week.

Disaster For Some

"In a typical operation covering two thousand square miles," says Bollay, "there would be twelve generators, eight in the target area and four between ten and twenty miles upwind of it."

The possibility of rain straying from the target area to an adjoining area whose occupants may not want rain occurred early to Bollay. "We've shied away from areas in Washington and Oregon where wheat adjoins cherry and pear orchards. The wheat farmers need all the rain they can get just at the fruit-growers' picking season. For the growers, rain would be disastrous."

Even now, an extremely complicated series of legal cases is pending in New York as a result of Howell's seedings of 1951. Although New York was delighted with the results, a number of summer resorts are suing for damages. They claim that the extra rain ruined their business.

Bollay calculates that one storm repays the customer the whole cost of a seeding programme. To seed a watershed of two thousand square miles for the full nine months season would cost about £10,000. In a western mountain district with an average rainfall of twenty-four inches, a twenty per cent increase would yield an extra 4.8 inches, or a foot depth of water over 512,000 acres. Each acre-foot has been estimated to be worth £3.

Assuming that a quarter of this water is stored for future use, the 128,000 extra acre-feet produced by the seeding would be worth £384,000. This is nearly forty times the cost of the programme. "The minimum increase is worth at least ten times the cost," claims Bollay.

Ironically, North American has occasionally suffered from its own success. Three years ago, the County of Santa Barbara, which was faced with an empty reservoir, hired the firm. The reservoir filled easily. The following year the county hired North American again, this time to increase its basic storage supply underground.

"We filled two dams that had been empty for seven years," says Robert Elliott. "Indeed, we were so successful that last year the county decided it had enough water without further seeding. We lost the contract. As a matter of fact, the area had a dry autumn. But it was too late for us to start then."

The son of German parents who immigrated to the Mid-West thirty years ago, Bollay graduated as an engineer at North West University, near Chicago, and studied meteorology at the University of California. His first job, on a flood-control project, enabled him to combine the skills of engineering design and weather forecasting. Later, he worked as a meteorologist with the United States Weather Bureau and with the Tennessee Valley Authority.

Holding a reserve commission in the U.S. Navy, he was called up in 1941 and set up a graduate school in meteorology at the Annapolis Naval Academy. In 1944, he was posted to Dunstable, Bedfordshire, to study the British Air Ministry's system of forecasting weather for air raids in Europe. He then set up a similar system at U.S. Navy headquarters in the Pacific. After a spell in the Philippines, he was posted back to the U.S.A.

In 1945 he was appointed head of the south-west district of the Office of Naval Research, with the rank of commander. The rôle of Naval Research was to develop basic research projects in university departments.

One of the schemes Bollay helped to sponsor was Project Cirrus at the General Electric laboratories. "The original idea was to study the physics of aircraft icing," he recalls. "When Langmuir and Schaefer stumbled on the possibility of cloud-seeding, we widened our objects to anything to do with atmosphere and precipitation."

Two-year Struggle

Bollay had long intended to go into partnership with his old friend Robert Elliott in a private weather forecasting venture. Fascinated with the implications of cloud-seeding, he suggested that they investigate its commercial possibilities. A former assistant professor of meteorology at the University of California and an experienced professional meteorologist, Elliott agreed.

"It took us two years to get our first customer," says Bollay, "and then we got two at once: the City of Santa Barbara and the South California Edison Company. It was another year before there was enough work to justify my leaving the navy." In 1950 they set up North American Weather Consultants with Bollay as president and Elliott as vice-president. Shortly afterwards, Bollay's younger brother, Ronald, joined the firm as secretary-treasurer.

Other public utilities followed South California's lead. In 1951, to fulfil a contract with Santa Barbara County, the company bought a training-plane to seed clouds while they were still out at sea. Meanwhile, Ron Bollay talked to farmers' groups up and down the country. "In three months I motored 16,000 miles," he says. Contracts

followed in Wyoming, Kansas, Montana and Oregon.

The business developed in other directions, too. North American now provide a specialized forecasting service which, in the peculiar conditions of California, predicts with a fine degree of accuracy the weather over an area as small as a field. Ice-cream, heating oil and natural gas suppliers buy forecasts so that they can estimate future demand.

Early in their careers, Bollay and Elliott noted that there was a scarcity of certain meteorological instruments such as pressure-gauges and wind-measurers. In workshops behind the forecasting rooms at Pasadena they now employ thirty-five mechanics to manufacture precision instruments.

In the cloudless months between June and September, when seeding operations cease, the firm's twelve field meteorologists work on weather research work for industry and the Services.

An experiment that failed through no fault of North American's was a silver iodide rocket that could be made to explode at any height up to 15,000 feet. "We got spectacular results," says Bollay. "Unfortunately, we also got a letter from the authorities pointing out that we were violating the air safety laws. We had to stop."

Potential Weapon

At its present stage of development, cloud-seeding has wide but limited potentialities. "We can't change a cloudless desert into a green valley," says Bollay, "but we can go into a marginal area such as Nevada or Arizona and make it useful by raising its rainfall from four or five inches a year to six or seven."

Cloud seeding could also possibly be used as a weapon of war. Lieutenant-Commander William J. Kotsch, a U.S. Navy meteorologist, believes that under suitable conditions a submarine could produce rain that would effectively ground an aircraft carrier's planes. Alternatively, ships or troops could hide from attacking planes under an umbrella of rain.

Seeding could also be used strategically. By releasing from aeroplanes time-fused balloons of silver iodide in air currents wafting towards clouds over enemy territory, violent storms could be produced to disrupt the enemy's communications at a critical time. By systematic over-seeding, the enemy's clouds could be "dried up." Tactically, he might lose the advantage of cover from a rain-storm. Strategically, he might have difficulty in keeping his crops watered.

Whatever the possibilities for the future, the fact remains that cloud-seeding has, as yet, barely been accepted by the uninitiated. But it can be proved that there are stages in the development of a cloud when the mere turning on and off of a generator starts and stops the rain.

One of North-American's lorry-drivers was a complete sceptic. One night he was sent to the top of a high mountain and ordered by radio to turn on his generator. When he reported a few minutes later that it was snowing heavily, Bollay ordered him to turn off and move to a new position. He did so and the snow stopped. Amazed, he asked: "What do I do now?"

Roads Were Blocked

Bollay had expected the snow, once started, to continue of its own accord. "Turn on again and stay where you are," he ordered. The man obeyed and the snow started again. Astounded and delighted, he spent the rest of the night turning his generator on and off.

Soon after dawn, he was ordered to return to base. Reluctantly, he agreed. A few minutes later, he called back frantically: "I can't get down. Every road is blocked solid. I'm snowed in."

Bollay recalls the rest of the story with a grin. "We sent up a truck with a four-wheel drive but that got stuck, too. When we finally got him out with a tractor, he'd been on the mountain thirty-six hours—without a bite of food. After that, he was a most fervent believer in cloud-seeding." THE END

GEOFFREY JELLICOE PUTS SCENERY ON THE MAP

Continued from page 23

for them to be put in. When the owner returned and saw the three-foot hedge, he said: "That's not nearly high enough. I can't wait years for the yews to grow. Have 'em all out and put six-foot trees in." This cost an extra £400. To use up the three-foot trees, Jellicoe designed a maze for the family's children.

As a student, Jellicoe won architectural scholarships which took him to Italy, Greece and Turkey. In the course of his career, he has visited the United States, Canada, the West Indies, Rhodesia and South Africa; he travels some 50,000 miles each year.

A married man, Jellicoe lives in an eighteenth-century terrace house only fifteen feet wide, in north London. It has a long garden which is tended by his wife. Although he spends his working hours planning other people's gardens, he hates gardening himself. "He loves land forms, but he thinks on the grand scale. A trowel is too small a tool for him," says one of his friends.

Another landscape architect, Sylvia Crowe describes him as "a man of vision with the gift of inspiring others."

Carried Away By Space

When he went to Africa to plan Lusaka, the capital of Northern Rhodesia, Jellicoe was so carried away by the vast spaces and the tremendous wealth and resources of the country that he produced a £200 million scheme for the development of central Africa. It included making the Zambezi navigable, irrigating suitable parts of the Zambezi basins, providing hydro-electric power to run new railways and industries, and the controlling of immigration to staff the new factories.

Though the plan has not been officially adopted, great interest has been shown in it.

"If he thought it would improve a scheme, and that the client would pay for it, Jellicoe would flatten a mountain or divert a river," says a professional acquaintance. When he was appointed planner of the new town at Hemel Hempstead after the war, he wanted to canalize the River Gade, but the idea was dropped when his plan was modified.

Jellicoe says that he always allows the atmosphere of the place or district where he is working to lead him into a design. At Lusaka, in hot and arid territory, he wanted to see water as well as to drink it. He designed a luxury hotel with courtyards containing splashing fountains. With the extensions which he is now designing, this hotel will have cost £600,000.

When he was asked to modernize the Lygon Arms, the famous hotel at Broadway, he slept in every bedroom to appreciate better the character of the house. For decorating the restaurant in the Cheddar Gorge, he suggested murals showing the skeleton forms of huge prehistoric animals, with human figures drawn in proportion.

Mars Was In Skegness

When he was called in by the Mablethorpe and Sutton council to plan an extension to the sea front, he was struck by the flatness of the country and the amount of sky in the landscape. This led him to think of astronomy. He designed a small lake for the park, and thought that it would be a good idea to have a scale model of the Earth in the middle.

Then he decided to have the moon on the same scale and exactly the right distance away. He found that it was possible to have the moon on the balcony of a café, so that visitors could stand there and get an impression of what the earth would look like from the moon. Inspired by the success of this idea, he decided to go one stage further and include Mars in the scheme. He was disappointed when he realized he would have to abandon the idea because, on the same scale, Mars would be twelve miles away in the rival resort of Skegness.

"That," he says, "would have been going a bit too far." THE END

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O. 13

THE MAN WHO MADE A MILLION POUNDS

Continued from page 12

the wheels pounded over the not-very-well-paved streets. Tyres screaming as we swept madly round corners, we hurtled towards the centre of Paris.

A quarter of an hour later, Gerould stopped the car in which I am certain was the darkest street in all of blacked-out Paris. After that ride I was soaked in perspiration.

"Damned sorry about the discomfort," Gerould mumbled apologetically as he cut away the ropes which bound us. "I was hoping the Jerries would have the elementary decency to substitute handcuffs." Still, one can't have everything."

Both Frazier and I were too numbed by the ride and Gerould's fantastic turnabout to ask any questions until he had led us into a vast and apparently vacant warehouse. At his orders, we pushed and heaved the great double doors open while he drove the car inside. Then, in the garish blaze of headlights, he explained his actions that evening.

"The moment I saw LeVeq was in charge, I felt we were in for trouble. You see, I knew the swine before the war, and even then he was playing parlour games with the French fascists doing some of their more untidy jobs—knifings, drownings, that sort of thing. Fortunately, he's almost incredibly stupid when it comes to anything but violence."

"So?" Frazier's voice indicated that he was accepting the story with many reservations.

"LeVeq knew that I'd been in pokey," Gerould went on, giving us his twisted smile. "The word gets around when one of the criminal classes is caught up by the law, you know. So it seemed perfectly natural to him when I explained that I'd taken a spy's job only to escape from England. I asked safety for myself in return for the two of you."

"And he agreed?" I asked.

Gerould nodded. "He was a trifle disappointed. He told me he'd planned to turn all of us over to the Germans. Three of us would, of course, have fetched a better price than two, but as a brother criminal he felt generously inclined to me. Consequently, it must have shocked him considerably when I showed the late *Sturmbannführer* Klingen my credentials. He wasn't expecting those."

"Your what?" Frazier sounded bewildered.

AGAIN apologetic, Gerould said: "It was a last-minute thought of mine, you see. I would have made them up for all three of us, but there wasn't time. Happily, Herr Klingen was not disposed to examine my reproduction of Himmler's signature too closely, and as a result we got on famously during our brief friendship."

"Well, I'm damned," I said, awed.

"In any event, your credentials got us and our supplies to Paris," Frazier said, not without admiration.

"I had a spot of trouble about that," Gerould remarked casually. "Klingen and his boys were stationed at Lagny, about twenty-five kilometres outside Paris. He wanted to take us there, but I convinced him you were too important to go anywhere but Paris. So he sent his lorryload of plug-uglies back to their barracks while he brought us into the city."

"There must be easier ways to get to Paris," I told him. "I'm awfully grateful for the trip, mind you, but ——"

"I knew we couldn't expect any help from LeVeq and his crowd," Gerould said, "so begging a lift from the Jerries seemed to be the only way out."

"One other thing," Frazier said. "How did you manage to get our driver to stop back there in the woods?"

"It's not really a very nice story," Gerould murmured. "Once we were on the road, Klingen offered me a nip from his flask of brandy, and we got quite clubby as the miles flew by. When I saw we were nearing Paris, I took the proper counter-measures."

"Meaning?"

"You remember the cyanide capsules they gave us, just in case the Gestapo caught us and we felt we couldn't stand too many more questions? Well, I broke mine into the flask. It worked very quickly. Then I told our driver that his officer was sick and needed air. He flashed your driver a signal by means of his headlights—I suppose they have a standard set of signals—and we stopped. By that time Klingen was past caring."

"And the others? Our driver and the guards?"

"I had Klingen's pistol." Gerould's tone was almost brusque. "Shall we get our gear out of the car? I wouldn't want the Gestapo to find one of its limousines on the property." Then his face lit in one of its rare grins of pure delight. "I say, you two were really filthy angry, weren't you? Personally, I thought I was laying it on much too thickly."

LOOKING a little ashamed of himself, Frazier rumbled: "One more question. What's to be done about this LeVeq? We must notify London, of course, but in the meantime——"

"I should imagine," Gerould said thoughtfully, "that the Gestapo will be interested in learning from him some of the details surrounding the sudden demise of the late Klingen. They may take a very dim view of LeVeq, I shouldn't wonder, especially as he's been paid for the delivery of two British agents. They might even accuse him of double-dealing."

By late the following afternoon, the Blank Form Simplification and Development Section was ready for business in a tidily concealed sub-basement of the seemingly empty warehouse at Numéro Quinze, rue Morin. As he had predicted, Gerould's little printing plant was admirably suited to our needs, and we operated it until the Liberation.

For his efforts that first night Gerould got a full pardon. Frazier saw to that. A week after word of his pardon reached us, Gerould disappeared. Paris had just been freed and, in the wild celebrations that followed, Frazier and I thought that possibly Gerould had gone out celebrating his and the city's new liberty. We never saw him again.

With VE-day, the Blank Form Simplification and Development Section ceased operations altogether. We had printed, with Gerould's incredibly accurate plates, over a million counterfeit Bank of England pound notes and nearly half a million pounds' worth of Swiss francs. The various banks of the world had been notified of the several little flaws which distinguished our currency from the authentic stuff, and there were, presumably, some scores of bitter souls scattered about Europe and Asia who had learned that no man can serve two masters or two Intelligence services.

It was Frazier who discovered the alarming discrepancy between the amount of paper and ink received and the number of bank notes printed. And it was only accidentally that, when our plumbing facilities broke down, as they invariably do in France, we found the set of perfect plates concealed in the intricate system of pipes behind our W.C.

There simply wasn't anything we could do. Our operation had been carried on in secret, and while we could alert the world's banks to the existence of the counterfeit notes we had produced, we could under no circumstances reveal that it was we who had printed them with the official connivance of His Majesty's Government. The notifications had been distributed by the Bank of England in its normal fashion. The bank's officials thought the fake notes had been put out by the Germans.

Besides, we had been using exactly the same type of paper, identical even to the silver thread running through it, that the bank used. The ink, too, was the same used on genuine notes, Gerould's notes, then, were absolutely indistinguishable from the real thing.

We were never able to estimate just

"If I wasn't noisy sometimes, you wouldn't appreciate me when I am quiet!"

how much money he had made. Frazier made the decision that, since there was nothing we could do about it, we would not mention Gerould's spectacular achievement to the War Office, since there was nothing they could do about it, either. It would only embarrass everyone, Frazier reasoned.

That's about all there is to the story of Gerould, and, as far as I know, this is the first time it's been told. You won't find it in the War Office records.

There is a postscript, though. It was only a couple of weeks ago that I ran into Frazier lunching at Scott's in Piccadilly. Over our lobster salad, he produced a cutting from his note case. Attached to it was a crisp new pound note.

"This arrived by yesterday's post," he told me. "Only this, as the poet says, and nothing more. I thought you might want to see it." He sat back in his chair, grinning hugely.

THE cutting was, I saw, a half-column story from an English-language newspaper published in Santiago, Chile, announcing the election of officers in the Jockey Club. The new president, I read, was Colonel Alastair Gerould, late of the British Army and a recent and welcome arrival at Santiago's British colony.

"Colonel Gerould," the newspaper story went on to say, "served with distinction at the defence of Singapore and was later instrumental in the success of several major operations in Europe near the close of the second World War. He is also well-known in yachting circles as the owner of the Unspeakable Bertie, prize-winning racing yawl."

"Well, I'm damned," I said.

"Alastair," Frazier murmured, almost reverently. "That's the first time I'd heard it. It just shows that you never can tell."

We had our coffee in meditative silence. There didn't seem to be anything to say. Especially about the brief note scrawled across the face of the bank note.

"*Let me know if you ever need any of this stuff,*" the note said. "*Hope you don't mind about the promotion.*"

It was signed, simply, "G." THE END

DESTINATION UNKNOWN

Continued from page 21

M. Aristides in his dissatisfied voice. "So many other things, but not that."

He rose, bowed, said, "*Mes homages, madame,*" and left her.

• • •

Why, Hilary thought vexedly, looking round her, does one always have to be at airports so much too early? They had spent nearly half an hour in the waiting-room. Mrs. Calvin Baker, who had decided to accompany Hilary to Marrakesh, had been talking nonstop ever since their arrival. Hilary had answered almost mechanically. But now she realized that the flow had been diverted. Mrs. Baker had switched her attention to two other travellers who were sitting near her.

They were both tall, fair young men. One an American with a broad, friendly grin, the other a rather solemn-looking Dane or Norwegian. The Norwegian talked heavily, slowly, and rather pedantically in careful English. The American was clearly delighted to find another American traveller. Presently, in conscientious fashion, Mrs. Calvin Baker turned to Hilary.

"Mr.—? I'd like to have you know my friend, Mrs. Betterton."

"Andrew Peters—Andy to my friends."

The other young man rose to his feet, bowed rather stiffly and said, "Torquil Ericsson."

"So now we're all acquainted," said Mrs. Baker happily. "Are we all going to Marrakesh? It's my friend's first visit there——"

"I, too," said Ericsson. "I, too, for the first time go."

"That goes for me too," said Andy Peters.

The loudspeaker was suddenly switched on and a hoarse announcement in French was made. It was their summons to the plane.

There were four passengers besides Mrs. Baker and Hilary. Peters, Ericsson, a thin, tall Frenchman, and a severe-looking nun.

It was a clear, sunny day and flying conditions were good. Leaning back in her seat with half-closed eyes, Hilary studied her fellow passengers, seeking to distract herself that way from the

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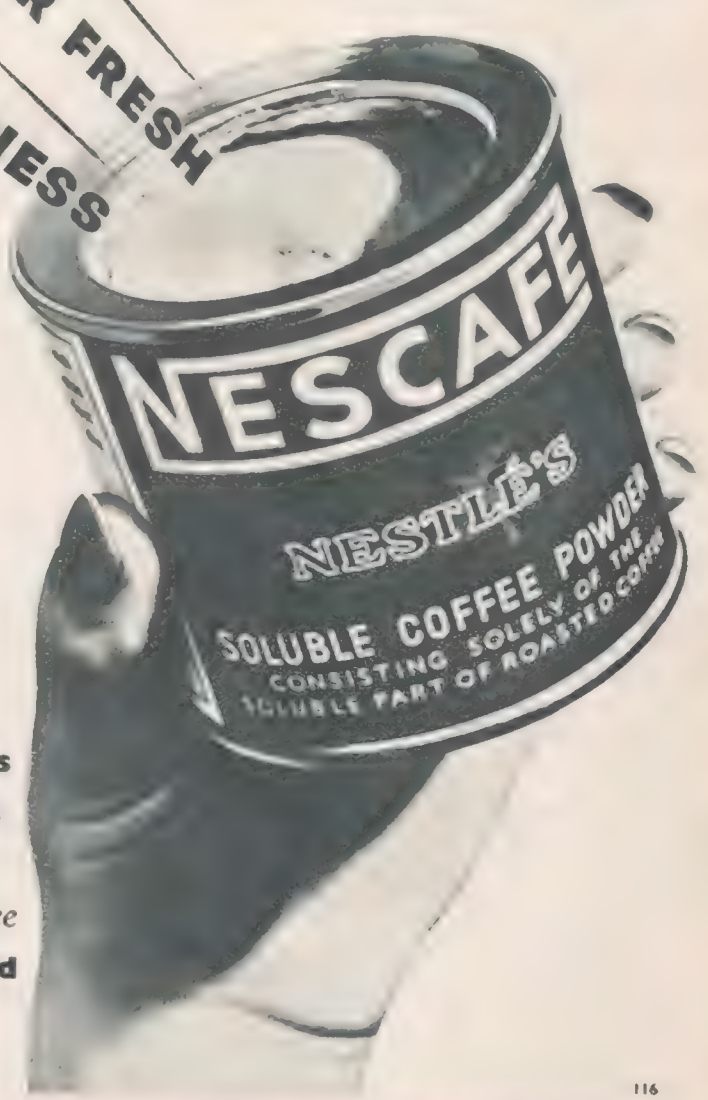

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Consider your verdict

by

RUSSELL SCOTT, LL.B.

THEA called at the village hairdresser to arrange to have her hair dyed. The proprietress, Mrs. Styles, had a new dye on display, and one of the shades was exactly what Thea wanted.

The dye was bottled, with only the name of the makers and a description of its good quality on the label. Mrs. Styles used it on Thea's hair that same afternoon.

Thea was delighted with the new colour, but soon after she left the hairdresser, her scalp began to tingle. This condition grew rapidly worse, and the doctor found that she had a bad case of dermatitis of the scalp.

Before she was cured, a rash spread all over her face and head; she had to have hospital treatment, and this involved cutting off her hair. She was ashamed to go out until her skin had cleared and her hair grew again.

Analysis showed that the dye used by Mrs. Styles had contained harmful chemicals that brought on Thea's dermatitis. The chemicals were a necessary part of the dye and were capable of inducing dermatitis in certain types of skin.

Mrs. Styles had not known that the dye could cause injury. There was no warning on the bottle and the suppliers had not told her that it could be dangerous. Nevertheless, Thea sued her for damages.

"Mrs. Styles ought not to have used such a dangerous preparation," Thea told the judge. "The dye should have been harmless to anyone, no matter how sensitive the skin."

Mrs. Styles pleaded that Thea's injury was not her fault. "I receive my dyes already bottled," she said, "and cannot be expected to have every bottle analysed. Even if I had had this one analysed, there might not have been anything to tell me that it would injure Thea. She is an exceptional case; there was no point in trying out the dye on my own hair, because it does not harm all types of skin."

Thea replied that no matter how great the difficulties of examination, the fact that she had used a preparation potentially dangerous to certain types of skin made Mrs. Styles liable.

What is your verdict? For the judge's decision, turn to page 34

anxious questionings which were going on in her mind.

One seat ahead of her, on the other side of the aisle, Mrs. Calvin Baker in her grey travelling-costume looked like a plump and contented duck. A small hat with wings was perched on her blue hair and she was turning the pages of a glossy magazine. Occasionally she leaned forward to tap the shoulder of the man sitting in front of her, who was the cheerful-looking fair young American, Peters. When she did so he turned round, displaying his good-humoured grin and responding energetically to her remarks. How very good-natured and friendly Americans were, Hilary thought to herself.

Across the aisle from her was the Norwegian, Ericsson. In the seat behind him was the thin, dark Frenchman. His legs were stretched out and he seemed to be asleep.

Hilary turned her head over her shoulder. The severe-faced nun was sitting behind her, her eyes impersonal, incurious. She sat immovable, her hands clasped. It seemed to Hilary an odd trick of time that a woman in traditional medieval costume should be travelling by air in the twentieth century.

Six people, thought Hilary, travelling together for a few hours, travelling to different places with different aims, scattering perhaps at the end of that few hours and never meeting again. . . .

She closed her eyes and forgot her fellow travellers, puzzling, as she had done all last night, over the instructions that had been given her. She was to return to England! It seemed crazy! Or could it be that in some way she had been found wanting, was not trusted? She sighed and moved restlessly. Well, she thought, I can do no more than I am doing. If I've failed—I've failed. At any rate, I've done my best.

Tired of profitless speculation, she went to sleep. She woke—dozed again, occasionally glancing without interest at the magazine she held. Awakening suddenly from a deeper sleep, she noticed that the plane was rapidly losing height and circling. She glanced at her watch, but it was still some time earlier than the estimated time of her arrival. Moreover, looking down through the window, she could not see any signs of an aerodrome beneath.

FOR a moment a faint qualm of apprehension struck her. The thin, dark Frenchman rose, yawned, stretched his arms and looked out and said something in French which she did not catch. But Ericsson leaned across the aisle and said:

"We are coming down here, it seems—but why?"

Mrs. Calvin Baker, leaning out of her seat, turned her head and nodded brightly as Hilary said:

"We seem to be landing."

The plane swooped round in ever lower circles. The country beneath them seemed to be practically desert. There were no signs of houses or villages. The wheels touched with a decided bump bouncing along and finally drawing to a stop.

Had something gone wrong with the engine, Hilary wondered, or had they run out of petrol? The pilot, a dark-skinned, handsome young man, came through the forward door and along the plane. "If you please," he said, "you will all get out."

He opened the rear door, let down a short ladder and stood there waiting for them all to pass out. They stood in a group on the ground, shivering a little. It was chilly here, with the wind blowing sharply from the mountains in the distance. The air was crisply cold and intoxicating. The pilot descended too, and addressed them, speaking French:

"You are all here? Yes? Excuse, please, you will have to wait a little minute, perhaps. Ah, no, I see it is arriving." He pointed to where a small dot on the horizon was gradually growing nearer.

Hilary said in a slightly bewildered voice: "But why have we come down here? What is the matter? How long shall we have to be here?"

The French traveller said, "There is, I understand, a station wagon arriving. We shall go in that."

"Did the engine fail?" asked Hilary.

Andy Peters smiled cheerfully. "Why no, I shouldn't say so," he said. "The engine sounded all right to me. However, they'll fix up something of that kind, no doubt."

She stared, puzzled. Mrs. Calvin Baker murmured, "My, but it's chilly, standing about here. That's the worst of this climate. It seems so sunny but it's cold the moment you get near sunset."

The station wagon came towards them at breakneck pace. The Berber driver drew up, with a grinding of brakes. He sprang down and was immediately engaged by the pilot in angry conversation.

Rather to Hilary's surprise, Mrs. Baker intervened in the dispute—speaking in French.

"Don't waste time," she said peremptorily. "What's the good of arguing? We want to get out of here."

The driver shrugged his shoulders, and, going to the station wagon, unhitched the back. Inside was a large packing case. Together with the pilot and with help from Ericsson and Peters, he got it down on to the ground. From the effort it took, it seemed to be heavy. Mrs. Calvin Baker put her hand on Hilary's arm as the man began to raise the lid of the case.

"I shouldn't watch, my dear," she said. "It's never a pretty sight."

SHE led Hilary a little way away, on the other side of the wagon. The Frenchman and Peters came too. The Frenchman said in his own language, "What is it then, this manoeuvre there that they do?"

Mrs. Baker said, "You are Dr. Barron?"

The Frenchman bowed.

"Pleased to meet you," said Mrs. Calvin Baker. She stretched out her hand, rather like a hostess welcoming him to a party.

Hilary said in a bewildered tone, "But I don't understand. What is in that case? Why is it better not to look?"

Andy Peters looked down on her considering. He had a nice face, Hilary thought. Something square and dependable about it. He said, "I know what it is. The pilot told me. It's not very pretty perhaps, but I guess it's necessary." He added quietly, "There are bodies in there."

"Bodies!" She stared at him.

"Oh, they haven't been murdered or anything." He grinned reassuringly. "They were obtained in a perfectly legitimate way for research—medical research, you know."

Hilary still stared. "I don't understand."

"Ah. You see, Mrs. Betterton, this is where the journey ends. One journey, that is."

"Ends?"

"Yes. They'll arrange the bodies in that plane, and then the pilot will fix things, and presently, as we're driving away from here, we shall see in the distance the flames going up in the air. Another plane that has crashed and come down in flames, *and no survivors!*"

"But why? How fantastic!"

"But surely——" It was Dr. Barron now who spoke to her. "But surely you know where we are going?"

Mrs. Baker, drawing near, said cheerfully, "Of course she knows. But maybe she didn't expect it quite so soon."

Hilary said, after a short, bewildered pause, "But you mean—all of us?" She looked round.

"We're fellow travellers," said Peters gently.

The pilot came up to them. "You will start now, please," he said. "There is much to be done, and we are late on schedule."

HILARY recoiled for a moment. She put her hand nervously to her throat. The pearl choker she was wearing broke under the strain of her fingers. She picked up the loose pearls and crammed them into her pocket.

They all got into the station wagon. Hilary was on a long bench with Peters one side of her and Mrs. Baker the other. Turning her head towards the American woman, Hilary said, "So you—so you—are what you might call the liaison officer, Mrs. Baker?"

"That hits it off exactly. And though I say it myself, I'm well qualified. Nobody is surprised to find an American woman getting around and travelling a lot."

She was still plump and smiling, but Hilary sensed, or thought she sensed, a difference. The slight fatuity and surface conventionality had gone. This was an efficient, probably ruthless, woman.

"It will make a fine sensation in the headlines," said Mrs. Baker. She laughed with some enjoyment. "*You*, I mean, my dear. Persistently dogged by ill-luck, they'll say. First nearly losing your life in the crash at Casablanca, then being killed in this further disaster."

Hilary realized suddenly the cleverness of the plan.

"These others?" she murmured. "Are they who they say they are?"

"Why yes. Dr. Barron is a bacteriologist, I believe. Mr. Ericsson a very brilliant young physicist; Mr. Peters is a research chemist; Miss Needham, of course, isn't a nun, she's an endocrinologist. I'm only the liaison officer—as you so aptly put it. I don't belong in this scientific bunch." She laughed again. "That Hetherington woman never had a chance."

"Miss Hetherington—was she—was she——"

Mrs. Baker nodded emphatically. "If you ask me, she's been tailing you. Took over in Casablanca from whoever followed you out."

"But she didn't come with us today although I urged her to."

"That wouldn't have been in character," said Mrs. Baker. "It would have looked a little too obvious to go back again to Marrakesh after having been

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there already. No, she'll have sent a telegram or a phone message through and there'll be someone waiting at Marrakesh to pick you up when you arrive. When you arrive! That's a good laugh, isn't it? Look! Look there now! Up she goes."

They had been driving rapidly away across the desert, and now, as Hilary craned forward to look through the little window, she saw a great glow behind them. A faint sound of an explosion came to her ears.

Peters threw his head back and laughed. "Six passengers die when plane to Marrakesh crashes!"

Hilary said almost under her breath: "It's—it's rather frightening."

"Stepping off into the unknown?" It was Peters who spoke. He was serious enough now. "Yes, but it's the only way. We're leaving the past and stepping out towards the future." His face lit up with sudden enthusiasm.

"We've got to get quit of all the bad, mad old stuff. Corrupt governments and warmongers. We've got to go into the new world—the world of science, clean away from the scum and the driftwood."

Hilary drew a deep breath.

"That's like the things my husband used to say," she said, deliberately.

"Your husband?" He shot her a quick glance. "Why, was he *Tom* Betterton?"

Hilary nodded.

"Well that's great. I never knew him out in the States, though I nearly met him more than once. ZE Fission is one of the most brilliant discoveries of this age—yes, I certainly take my hat off to him. Worked with old Mannheim, didn't he?"

"Yes," said Hilary.

"Didn't they tell me he'd married Mannheim's daughter? But surely *you're* not——"

"I'm his second wife," said Hilary, flushing a little. "He—his—Elsa died in America."

"I remember. Then he went to Britain to work there. Then he riled them by disappearing." He laughed suddenly. "Walked slap out of some Paris conference into nowhere." He added, as though in further appreciation, "Lord, you can't say they don't organize well."

Hilary agreed with him. The excellence of their organization was sending a cold pang of apprehension through her. All the plans, codes, signs that had been so elaborately arranged were going to be useless now, for now there would be no trail to pick up. Things had been so arranged that everyone on the fatal plane had been fellow travellers bound for the Unknown Destination where Thomas Betterton had gone before them. There would be no trace left. Nothing.

THEY drove on. Behind them the glare of the plane still showed in the sky, showed all the more clearly because the sun was now dropping below the horizon. Night fell. Still they drove. The going was bad, since they were obviously not on any main road. Sometimes they seemed to be on field tracks; at other times they drove over open country.

For a long time Hilary remained awake, thoughts and apprehensions turning round in her head excitedly. But at last, shaken and tossed from side to side, exhaustion had its way and she fell asleep.

She was awakened suddenly by the car coming to an abrupt stop. Very gently Peters shook her by the arm.

"Wake up," he said, "we seem to have arrived somewhere."

Everyone got out of the station wagon. They were all cramped and weary. It was still dark and they seemed to have drawn up outside a house surrounded by palm trees. Some distance away they could see a few dim lights, as though there were a village there. Guided by a lantern, they were ushered inside. It was a native house with a couple of giggling Berber women who stared curiously at Hilary and Mrs. Calvin Baker. They took no interest in the nun.

The three women were taken to a small upstairs room. There were three mattresses on the floor and some heaps of coverings, but no other furniture.

"I'll say I'm stiff," said Mrs. Baker. "Gets you kind of cramped, riding along the way we've been doing."

"Discomfort does not matter," said the nun. She spoke with a harsh, guttural assurance. "In order to conquer, no discomfort is unbearable. Nothing is too much to suffer."

"Right now," said Mrs. Baker, yawning, "I wish I was in my bed at the Palais Jamaï at Fez."

Steps were heard coming up the stairs outside, and giggling female voices. Presently the two Berber women came into the room. They carried a tray with a big dish of semolina and meat stew. They put it down on the floor, came back again with a metal basin with water in it and a towel. One of them felt Hilary's coat, passing the stuff between her fingers and speaking to the other woman, who nodded her head in rapid agreement and did the same to Mrs. Baker.

"Shoo," said Mrs. Baker, waving them away. "Shoo, shoo." It was exactly like shooing chickens. The women retreated, still laughing, and left the room.

"Silly creatures," said Mrs. Baker, "It's hard to have patience with them. I suppose babies and clothes are their only interest."

"It is all they are fit for," said Fräulein Needheim. "They belong to a slave race. They are useful to serve their betters, but no more."

AFTER they had eaten, the three women lay down on the couches and fell asleep. They slept late into the following day. They were not to go on again until the evening, so Mrs. Baker informed them.

On awakening, Mrs. Baker indicated three heaps of clothing which had been brought and laid down just inside the door.

"We're going native for the next lap," she explained.

So the smart little American woman's neat suiting and Hilary's tweed coat and skirt and the nun's habit were all laid aside and three native Moroccan women sat on the roof of the house and chattered together. The whole thing had a curiously unreal feeling.

Hilary studied Miss Needheim more closely now that she had left the anonymity of her nun's habit. She was a younger woman than Hilary had thought her, not more, perhaps, than thirty-three or thirty-four. There was a neat spruceness in her appearance. The pale skin, the short stubby fingers, and the cold eyes, in which burned from time to time the gleam of the fanatic, repelled rather than attracted. Her speech was brusque and uncompromising. Towards both Mrs. Baker and Hilary she displayed a certain amount of contempt, as towards people unworthy to associate with her.

They resumed their journey that evening. It was no longer the station wagon. This time it was an open touring car. Everyone was in native dress, the men with white burnouses, the women with their faces hidden. Packed tightly in, they started off once more, driving all through the night.

At sunrise they stopped for breakfast. Native bread, eggs, and tea made over a Primus.

"How are you feeling, Mrs. Betterton?" Andy Peters asked.

Hilary smiled at him wanly. "I feel as though I were taking part in a dream," she said.

"Yes, it has rather that quality."

"Where are we?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "Who

Consider your verdict

IN the case on page 32, the judge agreed that it was difficult for a hairdresser to discover that a bottled and sealed hair dye had harmful properties. Nevertheless, it was Mrs. Styles's duty to use preparations that were perfectly safe and harmless. Thea won her case and was awarded damages. (*This is the probable verdict, based on actual cases.*)

"Next time, perhaps, you'll start at the bottom"

knows? Our Mrs. Calvin Baker, no doubt, but no one else."

"It's a very lonely country."

"Yes, practically desert. But then it would have to be, wouldn't it."

"You mean so as to leave no trace?"

"Yes. One realizes, doesn't one, that the whole thing must be very carefully thought out. Each stage of our journey is, as it were, quite independent of the others. A plane goes up in flames. An old station wagon drives through the night. If anyone notices it, it has on it a plate stating that it belongs to a certain archaeological expedition that is excavating in these parts. The following day there is a touring car full of Berbers—not an uncommon sight. For the next stage"—he shrugged his shoulders—"who knows?"

The Frenchman, Dr. Barron, had joined them. "It cannot come soon enough," he said.

"You want to hurry the world on, Doctor, is that it?" asked Peters.

DR. BARRON said: "There is so much to achieve. Life is too short. One must have more time. More time, more time." He flung out his hands in a passionate gesture.

"You are a bacteriologist, aren't you, Dr. Barron?" Hilary asked.

"Yes, I am a bacteriologist. Ah, you have no idea, madame, what a fascinating study that is! But it needs patience, infinite patience, repeated experiment—and *money*—much money. One must have equipment, assistants, raw materials. Given that you have all you ask for, what can one not achieve?"

"Happiness?" asked Hilary.

He flashed her a quick smile, suddenly human again. "Ah, you are a woman, madame. It is women who ask always for happiness."

"Individual happiness does not matter," said Peters seriously. "There must be the happiness of *all*, the brotherhood of the spirit! The workers, free and united, owning the means of production, free of the warmongers. Science is for all, and must not be held jealously by one power or the other."

"So!" said Ericsson, coming into the conversation. "You are right. The scientists must be masters. They must control and rule. They and they alone are the Supermen. It is only the Supermen who matter. The slaves must be well treated, but they *are* slaves."

Hilary walked a little way away from the group. After a minute or two, Peters followed her.

"You look just a little scared," he said humorously.

"I think I am." She gave a short, breathless laugh. "Of course what Dr. Barron said was quite true. I'm only a woman. I'm looking, as he said, for happiness—just like any other fool of a woman."

"And what's wrong with that?" said Peters.

"Well, maybe I feel a little out of my depth in this company. You see, I'm merely going to join my husband."

"You care for him very much?" he asked.

"Would I be here if I didn't?"

"I suppose not. You share his views? I take it that he's a Communist?"

Hilary avoided giving a direct answer. "Talking of being a Communist," she said, "has something about our little group struck you as curious?"

"What's that?"

"Well, that although we're all bound for the same destination, the views of our fellow travellers don't seem really alike."

Peters said thoughtfully, "Why, no. You've got something there. I hadn't thought of it quite that way—but I believe you're right."

"I don't think," said Hilary, "that Dr. Barron is politically minded at all! He wants money for his experiments. Helga Needheim talks like a Fascist, not a Communist. And Ericsson——"

"What about Ericsson?"

"I find him frightening—he's got a

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dangerous kind of single-mindedness. He's like a mad scientist in a film!"

"And I believe in the brotherhood of men, and you're a loving wife—and we're all going to the same place." He was smiling at her.

Hilary shivered suddenly.

"Cold?"

"Yes. It is a bit cold."

"Let's move around a little."

They walked up and down. As they did so, Peters stooped and picked up something.

"Here. You're dropping things."

Hilary took it from him. "Oh, yes, it's a pearl from my choker. I broke it the other day—no, yesterday. What ages ago that seems already!"

"Not real pearls, I hope?"

Hilary smiled. "No, of course not. Costume jewellery."

Peters took a cigarette case from his pocket, and in the pause Hilary asked quietly, "Mr. Peters—do you know where we are going? Nobody's told me anything. Are we——"

He stopped her. "Speculations," he said, "are not encouraged. You go where you're told and do what you're told."

With sudden passion, Hilary said, "Do you like being dragooned, ordered about, having no say of your own?"

"I'm prepared to accept it if it's necessary. And it is necessary. We've got to have world peace, world discipline, world order."

For a moment, carried away by fatigue, by the loneliness of her surroundings and the strange beauty of the early morning light, Hilary nearly burst out into a passionate denial.

But she restrained herself in time. She said instead, with a deliberate subdued enthusiasm, "How right you are! I was tired. We must obey and go forward."

He grinned. "That's better."

* * *

It was as though, Hilary felt, she had been travelling all her life with these five strangely assorted companions. They had stepped off the beaten track into the void. Great pains had been taken to hide their tracks. Sometimes she wondered why this was, since they were not fugitives. It was as though they were in process of becoming not themselves but someone else.

That indeed was literally true in her case. She who had left England as Hilary Craven had become Olive Betterton, and perhaps her strange feeling of unreality had something to do with that. Every day, the glib political slogans seemed to come more easily to her lips. She felt herself becoming earnest and intense, and that again she put down to the influence of her companions.

She knew now that she was afraid of them. All five were different from each other, yet each had that curious quality of burning intensity, the single-mindedness of purpose that made such a terrifying impression.

At the end of the third day, they came to a small town and alighted at a native hotel. Here, Hilary found, they were to resume European clothing. She slept that night in a small bare, whitewashed room, rather like a cell. At early dawn Mrs. Baker woke her. "We're going right now," she said. "The plane's waiting."

"The plane?"

"Why yes, my dear. We're returning to civilized travelling, thank the Lord."

They came to the airfield and the plane after about an hour's drive. It looked like a disused army airfield. The pilot was a Frenchman. They flew for some hours, their flight taking them over the mountains. In the early afternoon they began to lose height and circle down. They were in mountainous country still, but coming down in a flat plain. There was a well-marked aerodrome here and a white building beside it. They made a perfect landing.

Mrs. Baker led the way towards the building. Beside it were two powerful cars with chauffeurs standing by them. It was clearly a private aerodrome of some kind, since there appeared to be no official reception.

"Journey's end," said Mrs. Baker cheerfully.

"Journey's end?" Hilary stared at

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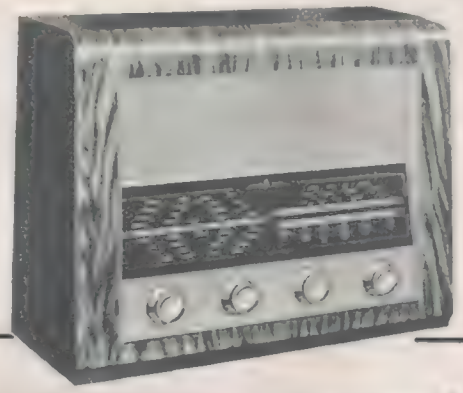

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MODEL AC.34 The BUSH model AC.34 is the product of mature experience. It has the unassuming air that knows its own worth but modestly assesses it far lower in the price. Its tone is true, it readily engages a huge number of stations in polite conversation—one at a time, and it never bellows. A born leader that has captured a very large audience from the start. **£26** (TAX PAID)

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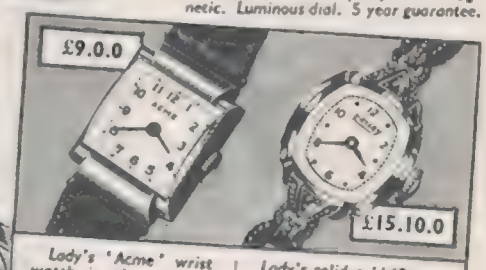
CHOOSE YOUR WATCH from the wide range of fine Swiss watches for which H. Samuel is so justly famous.



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13 W 54

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Now they've all got clear, healthy skin

Housewives, soldiers, schoolgirls — all sorts of people from all over Great Britain — acclaim Valderma. This double-antiseptic skin balm quickly heals eczema, rashes, spots, pimples and other common skin troubles.

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Valderma is so successful because it works on the scientific principle that skin complaints heal when you kill the germs causing them under your skin.

Valderma consists of two specially prepared antiseptics that kill germs on contact. These twin antiseptics are carried deep below the surface skin in an emulsion base. They quickly attack and kill the bacteria causing your skin trouble.

Septic matter filters away through Valderma's non-greasy base. Your skin becomes clear and healthy, often in a few days.

Get a jar of Valderma *today*. At chemists. Tubes 1s. 8d., Jars 2s. 2½d. and 3s. 9d.

her. "But we've not—we haven't crossed the sea at all."

"Did you expect to?" Mrs. Baker seemed amused.

Hilary said confusedly: "Well, yes. Yes, I did. I thought. . . ." She stopped.

Mrs. Baker nodded her head. "Why, so do a lot of people. There's a lot of nonsense talked about the Iron Curtain, but what I say is, an iron curtain can be anywhere. People don't think of that."

Two Arab servants received them. After a wash and freshening-up, they sat down to coffee and sandwiches and biscuits. Then Mrs. Baker glanced at her watch.

"Well, so long, folks," she said. "This is where I leave you."

"Are you going back to Morocco?" asked Hilary, surprised.

"That wouldn't quite do," said Mrs. Calvin Baker, "with me being supposed to be burned up in a plane accident! No, I shall be on a different run this time."

"But someone might still recognize you," said Hilary. "Someone, I mean, who'd met you in hotels in Casablanca or Fez."

"Ah," said Mrs. Baker, "but they'd be making a mistake. I've got a different passport now, though it's true enough that a sister of mine, a Mrs. Calvin Baker, lost her life that way. My sister and I are supposed to be very alike." She smiled. "Well, so long, Mrs. Betterton, I hope you have a very agreeable reunion with your husband."

Hilary said helplessly: "I don't even know where I am, what part of the world, I mean."

"Oh, that's easy. There needs to be no concealment about that now. A remote spot in the High Atlas, my dear. That's near enough——"

Mrs. Baker moved away and started saying goodbye to the others. With a final gay wave of her hand, she walked out across the tarmac. The plane had been refuelled and the pilot was standing waiting for her. A faint, cold chill went over Hilary. Here, she felt, was her last link with the outside world. Peters, standing near her, seemed to sense her reaction.

"The place of no return," he said softly. "That's us, I guess."

Dr. Barron said softly: "Have you still courage, madame, or do you at this moment want to run after your American friend and climb with her into the plane and go back—back to the world you have left?"

"Could I go if I wanted to?" asked Hilary.

ERICSSON said, in his high nervous voice: "When one has at last reached freedom, can one even contemplate going back?"

Hilary said: "But if it is not possible to go back, or to choose to go back, then it is not freedom!"

One of the servants came up to them.

"If you please, the cars are ready now to start."

They went out through the opposite door of the building. Two Cadillac cars were standing there, with uniformed chauffeurs.

Hilary travelled in the first one, up in front with the driver.

"How long will it take us?" she asked presently.

"From the aerodrome to the hospital? It is a drive of perhaps two hours, madame."

"Hospital?" She had noted, without thinking, that Helga Needheim had changed at the rest house and was now wearing a hospital nurse's kit. "Tell me about the hospital," she said to the chauffeur.

His reply was enthusiastic. "Ah, madame, it is magnificent. The equipment, it is the most up to date in the world. Many doctors come and visit it, and all of them go away full of praise. It is a great thing that is being done there for humanity."

"It must be," said Hilary, "yes, yes, indeed it must."

"These miserable ones," said the chauffeur, "they have been sent in the past to perish miserably on a lonely island. But here this new treatment of Dr. Kolini's cures a very high percentage. Even those who are far gone."

"It seems a lonely place to have a hospital," said Hilary.

"Ah, madame, but you would have to be lonely in the circumstances. The authorities would insist upon it. But it is good air here, wonderful air. See, madame, you can see now where we are going." He pointed.

THEY were approaching the first spurs of a mountain range, and on the side of it, set flat against the hillside, was a long, gleaming white building.

"What an achievement," said the chauffeur, "to raise such a building out here! The money spent must have been fantastic. Our patron, he is one of the richest men in the world, they say. Here truly he has built a magnificent achievement for the relief of human suffering."

He drove up a winding track. Finally they came to rest outside great barred iron gates.

"You must dismount here, madame," said the chauffeur, turning to Hilary.

The travellers got out of the car. The gates swung slowly open. A white-robed figure with a black, smiling face bowed to them and bade them enter. They passed through the gate. At one side, screened by a high fence of wire, there was a big courtyard where men were walking up and down.

As these men turned to look at the new arrivals, Hilary uttered a gasp of horror.

"But they're *lepers*!" she exclaimed. "Lepers!"

A shiver of horror shook her entire frame.

The gates of the leper colony closed behind the travellers with a metallic clang. The noise struck on Hilary's startled consciousness with a horrible note of finality. She was alone now among enemies, and, in a very few minutes, she would be confronted with discovery and failure.

She had said to Jessop in Casablanca: "And when I do reach Tom Betterton. . . ?" And he had said then, gravely, that that was when the danger would become acute. He added that he might be able to give her protection. But not now. That hope seemed over.

Hilary had gambled with death and lost. And she knew now that Jessop's diagnosis had been correct. She no longer wanted to die. She wanted to live. The zest of living had come back to her in full strength. She thought: I'm alive again, sane, whole . . . and

Do you believe in sea serpents?

You don't? Nor did Colonel Crozier. But now he's a wiser man . . . Arthur Mayse's fascinating story appears in next week's issue. *Order your copy*

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WHO'S WHO?

They look alike, but their lives have been very different. From the jumbled details on the right, can you provide each man with his potted biography—and his name? The answers will be found on page 41.

BORN:
- A Sixty-four years ago in Recanati, Italy, the son of a cobbler.
- B Fifty-four years ago in Edinburgh, Scotland, the son of a school teacher.

FIRST JOB:
- C Washing dishes in a nobleman's house.
- D Serving in the army in the first World War.

HAS SAID:
- E "I'm no oil painting. I'm rather a gloomy old bod."
- F "The secret of keeping young is never to worry about money."

FAMOUS FOR:
- G The sound of his voice.
- H Taking silk at thirty-three.

now I'm caught like a rat in a trap.

Once confronted with Betterton, there could be no way out. Betterton would say: "But that's not my wife. . . ."

And that would be that! Eyes turning towards her . . . realization of a spy in their midst. . . .

Supposing she were to get in first? Supposing she were to cry out, before Tom Betterton could get in a word, "Who are you? *You're* not my husband!" If she could simulate indignation, shock, horror, sufficiently well—might it, just credibly, raise a doubt? A doubt whether Betterton was Betterton—or some other scientist sent to impersonate him. A spy, in other words.

But if they believed that, then it might be rather hard on Betterton! But, she thought, her mind turning in tired circles, if Betterton was a traitor, a man willing to sell his country's secrets, could anything be "hard on him"?

With a giddy feeling, she returned to her immediate surroundings. The little party from the outside world was being welcomed by a big, handsome man—a linguist, it would seem, since he had said a word or two to each person in his or her own language.

"*Enchanté de faire votre connaissance, mon cher docteur,*" he was murmuring to Dr. Barron. And then turning to her: "Ah, Mrs. Betterton, we're very pleased to welcome you here. A long, confusing journey, I'm afraid. Your husband's very well and, naturally, awaiting you with impatience."

He gave her a discreet smile; it was a smile, she noticed, that did not touch his cold, pale eyes.

"You must," he added, "be longing to see him."

The giddiness increased—she felt the group round her approaching and receding like the waves of the sea. Beside her, Andy Peters put out an arm and steadied her.

"I guess you haven't heard," he said to their welcoming host. "Mrs. Betterton had a bad crash at Casablanca—concussion. This journey's done her no good. Nor the excitement of looking forward to meeting her husband. I'd say she ought to lie down right now in a darkened room."

HILARY felt the kindness of his voice, of the supporting arm. She swayed a little more. It would be easy, incredibly easy, to crumple at the knees, to feign unconsciousness and to put off the moment of discovery just a little longer.

Then her courage returned. She straightened up. Colour came into her cheeks. She flung up her head. If this were to be the end, let it be a gallant end. She would go to Betterton and, when he repudiated her, she would try out the last lie, come out with it confidently, fearlessly:

"No, of course I'm not your wife. Your wife—I'm terribly sorry, it's awful—she's dead. I was in hospital with her when she died. I promised her I'd get to you somehow and give you her last messages. I wanted to. You see, I'm in sympathy with what you did—with what all of you are doing. I agree with you politically. I want to help. . . ."

Thin, thin, all very thin. And such awkward trifles to explain—the faked passport, the forged letter of credit. Yes, but people did get by sometimes with the most audacious lies. If one lied with sufficient confidence, if one had the personality to put a thing over. . . . One could at any rate go down fighting.

She drew herself up, gently freeing herself from Peters's support.

"Oh, no. I must see Tom," she said. "I must go to him now—at once, please."

A THIN spectacled girl had joined them. The big man introduced her. "Ah, here is Miss Jennsen. Miss Jennsen, meet Mrs. Betterton, Fräulein Needheim, Dr. Barron, Mr. Peters, Dr. Ericsson. Show them into the registry, will you? Give them a drink. I'll be with you in a few minutes. Just taking Mrs. Betterton along to her husband. Follow me, please, Mrs. Betterton."

Hilary turned to follow him, then gave a last look over her shoulder. Andy Peters was still watching her. He made a movement towards her, then stopped, a faintly puzzled, unhappy look on his face. He must have realized, she thought, that there's something wrong, but he doesn't know what it is. And she thought, with a slight shiver: It's the last time, perhaps, that I'll ever see him. . . .

The big man was talking cheerfully. "This way, Mrs. Betterton. I'm afraid you'll find our buildings rather confusing at first—so many corridors, and all rather alike."

Like a dream, Hilary thought, a dream of hygienic white corridors along which you pass for ever, turning, going on, never finding your way out.

She said: "I didn't realize it would be a—a hospital."

"No, no, of course. You couldn't realize anything, could you?" There was a faint sadistic note of amusement in his voice. "You've had, as they say, to 'fly blind.' My name's Van Heidem, by the way. Paul Van Heidem."

"It's all a little strange—and rather terrifying," said Hilary. "The lepers——"

"Yes, yes, of course. Picturesque—and usually so very unexpected. It does upset newcomers. But you'll get used to them—oh yes, you'll get used to them in time. Well—we're nearly there now."

Nearly there—nearly there. So many steps to death. . . . Now another of the hygienic passages and Van Heidem was stopping by a door. He tapped, waited, and then opened it.

"Ah, Betterton—here we are at last. Your wife!"

He stood aside with a slight flourish. Hilary walked into the room.

To be continued next week

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(EPS 54)

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AND AT HUNTINGDON AND MONTROSE, SCOTLAND

"Well, what is it *this* time?"

THE LITTLE FISHES

Continued from page 25

where we spent our recreation, a refectory that had a red-tiled floor, whitewashed walls and a macabre picture of the Last Supper.

There was a library where only the big girls were allowed, a cloakroom of lockers, hooks and basins and a drove of lavatories where the doors did not quite come down to the floor; if you lingered in one—perhaps to shed a few tears—a girl was sure to look underneath.

The dormitories were upstairs and were divided into cubicles by iron rails hung with ghostly white curtains, that were only allowed to be drawn when we washed. There was no privacy anywhere; a lay sister even sat in the bathroom while we had our twice weekly bath.

There were long corridors with pale green distempered walls and marble statues of the saints; as the winter went on those saints looked colder and colder. It was the rule to be silent in the corridors and, if we met a nun, we had to stand still till she had passed.

There were many of these niceties of behaviour, all difficult to remember, and we committed many solecisms. We did not know, for instance, whether we were Oxford or Cambridge, Liberal or Conservative nor even whether we liked Winnie, the head girl, more than Cynthia, the games captain.

"I don't like either," said Ruth. She said it aloud, which was heresy. The whole school was divided into factions over Winnie and Cynthia; there were queues to kiss them good night. I should rather have liked to kiss Winnie but I did not dare.

The house was peopled by black-and-white dressed nuns or blue-dressed girls, big and little; we were cut off from the outside world and when anyone came from it, a mother or a workman, in their worldly clothes they looked quite funny.

THE day was measured and tolled out by the bell; Sister Irene rang it, up and down the corridors, and, at seven each morning, before it finished ringing, we had to be out of bed, standing on our cubicle mats with our beds stripped.

That sudden impact with the morning, the cold and dark and noise, was like a nightmare to me and Ruth; it stunned us for the rest of the day. Having presented ourselves, we were allowed to collect water in our basins, pull our curtains and go into our cubicles to wash and dress.

Ruth and I were always late; our fingers were stiff and cold, we were not used to so many clothes and, when the ten minutes were up and we paraded outside our dormitories, we were always buttoned wrongly and our hair was not done.

"I suppose you had an ayah to help you dress," said Sister Irene as she twisted us round and her quick fingers plaited while the juniors, little girls of nine and ten, giggled.

"We had an ayah," said Ruth, "but she didn't help us dress. She didn't have to. In India people are not in a hurry. There is time to dress and it is warm."

Warm! Under Sister Irene's hands I shut my eyes; I felt sun, warm in the puffs of wind that brought a hot sweet scent of the flowers like yellow fuzzballs that grew on the thorn trees in our garden; I smelled the sun on grass and leaves, I felt warm dust under my bare feet and the feeling of housestones hot with sun.

"Look, she's crying!" said the gay little juniors, and I had an order mark.

IN a week we collected more order marks than other girls in a term; we had order marks for answering back, for unpunctuality, for being untidy, and finally we were sent into the Sister Superior, Sister Laura Mary.

"You must learn that there is a place and time for everything and a way of doing everything," said Sister Laura Mary severely.

I have seen many headmistresses since then, some of them awe-inspiring, but I have never seen one as awful, in the old sense of the word, as Sister Laura Mary. It is strange to think of a nun as arrogant and unkind, but she was both. I suppose she was chosen as a disciplinarian and the Order thought her good at heart. She was not good at heart.

Even to look at her made one afraid; she was a big, choleric woman with a red face. She had curiously soft and puffy cheeks; when she was angry they seemed to swell, and she was often angry. Fortunately she was usually remote, like God; she took prayers and, at the midday meal, she sat in the centre of the high table in a chair with a high back like a throne; for the rest she stayed in her study and at four o'clock one of the prefects carried her a tray of tea.

When she made announcements at prayers, Winnie stood at her right side, handing her papers, and Cynthia on the other with the games lists. If I ever pictured God in those days with the Archangels, Gabriel and Michael, I am sure I saw them as Cynthia and Winnie and Sister Laura Mary.

From the very first there was trouble between her and Ruth.

"A time and a place for everything," said the Sister.

Ruth looked at her with sincere and thoughtful eyes. "But it takes time to learn the places," said Ruth gently.

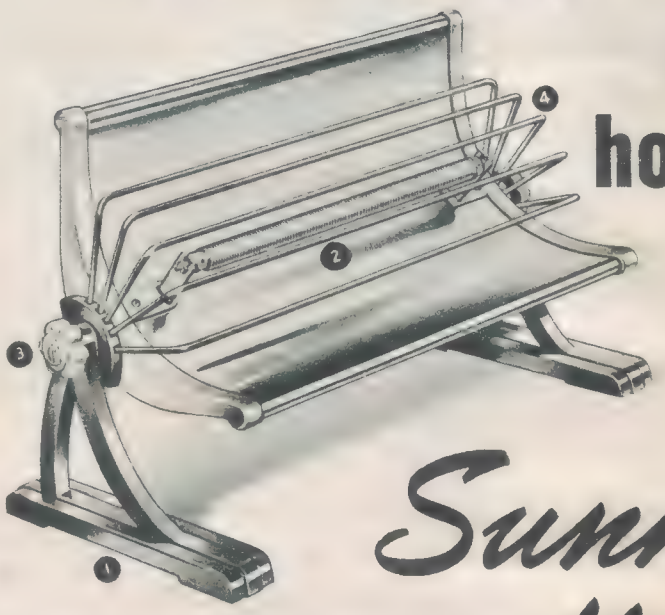
Ruth had more order marks than I, chiefly because she was more loyal to our upbringing, more honest. I found ways of avoiding trouble and I tried to help her, but this was something that was not allowed; the slow, the

WHO'S WHO?

A C F G are the clues on page 39 which help to identify the man on the left as Beniamino Gigli, the famous singer.

B D E H identify the man on the right as Sir David Maxwell Fyfe, who in 1934 became the youngest K.C. for 260 years.

For the *cold* folks at home..



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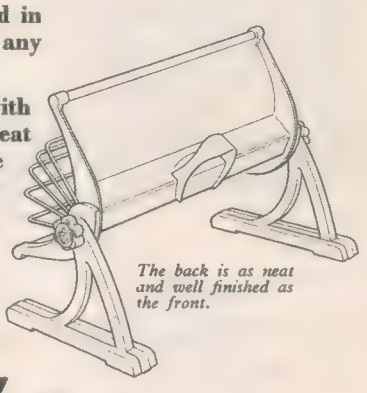

The back is as neat and well finished as the front.

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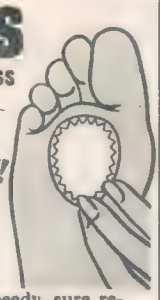

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weak, the timid had to be left as victims of themselves.

St. Monica's was a convent school founded on religion; twice a day we went to chapel, three times a day the Angelus sounded through the school, and we had prayers in the big gymnasium every day. Sister Laura Mary read the lessons and the girls took it in turn to read the Collect for the day—not, of course, Ruth or I, because of the chi-chi accent.

"Blessed are the meek," read Sister Laura Mary. "God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise. . . . God hath chosen the weak. . . . Things which are despised God hath chosen. . . ."

Florence, a little feeble-minded weak girl, was very much despised; Sister Laura Mary treated her with heart-rending coldness.

"The first shall be last," read Sister Laura Mary, but the work and life of the school, its conduct and lessons and games, were quite opposite; there was a scramble to be first, to be best, to be successful, and it was shameful to be last, to be slow, to be weak, to be little.

"What, Ruth, last *again*!" Sister Margaret would say, and "Do you want to be like a *junior?*" It was like the game of musical chairs we played on feast days; when the music stopped you had at all costs to get yourself a chair; Ruth and I were quite hopeless at it, especially Ruth. She would stand politely and let anyone take her chair, even a junior.

"But she is little," Ruth would say, and they told her angrily not to be a fool.

But there was something, we began to learn, that reconciled these extremes; it was called "being sporting."

"You and your sister really must learn to be sports," said the mighty Cynthia to me. Probably no two children who ever went to school were less of sports than we. To begin with, we were shocking cowards. The first day on the hockey field a ball hit me on the chin and I cried. After that I would not play. It did not seem sense.

"The ball's too hard," I said.

"You mustn't say that," said Cynthia, appalled.

"But it *is* too hard," I said.

"It's hard but you mustn't *say* it," said Cynthia. "You must be sports."

It was hopeless: we were not sports, and we were sneaks. When Sister Margaret asked: "Who did this?" after an overturned inkpot or a scribble on the blackboard, Ruth and I answered obligingly, "Greta Robinson," or "Mary Smith." How were we to know that Greta or Mary would be made to stand on the rostrum in the gymnasium in front of everybody, or be sent to bed with the juniors, or have dry bread for tea?

WHEN the school went out walking two by two in a crocodile, no one ever chose Ruth or me. We would wait, hanging about with the other rejects, until a nun paired us off. Ruth was made to walk either with the nun or else a Chinese girl, Ansie, with whom nobody wanted to walk because she spoke very little English and was even more sullen and silent than we.

I usually had Florence, who never spoke at all. I grew quite fond of Florence; I could tell her stories and, as she was silent, the stories were not interrupted; it was like writing aloud.

The girls in front or behind must have listened to my stories as we moved along in our blue-coated, blue-hatted crocodile; soon I was being asked to tell them at recreation, in the garden breaks, in sewing hour, especially stories about India. It was so intoxicating to be suddenly interesting that it went to my head; I told all that people want to hear about India, about rajahs, elephants, howdahs, faithful brown servants, curries, tigers and snakes. It led to trouble.

". . . with his foot on the python, my father looked up," I was saying one day. "He looked up and saw, not one, but *three* tigers. . . ."

"That's not true," said a girl with some sense.

"I swear it's true. . . ." But there was Sister Irene and she beckoned me.

"Come with me," said Sister Irene. Feeling very small and chilled, I went.

The nuns used public opinion as a rod and I was publicly shamed. As a branded liar, I was told to wear my class badge upside down.

"All people are liars," said Ruth, and wore hers upside down, too. When told she must not, she still did it and she was sent into Sister Laura Mary.

"This spirit must be broken," Sister Laura Mary told her, and the proud, mature Ruth was sent to bed with the juniors and as an extra punishment we were not allowed to take part in the school operetta, *H.M.S. Pinafore*.

We spent rehearsal time in a classroom with Florence and Ansie, in charge of a lay sister called Boots. Boots let us sit warm and quiet and peaceful near the fire; we could read or make Christmas cards. She let me read her my poems and said that they were lovely.

THAT term was only eleven weeks long but if it had been eleven years we could not have learned more in sadness and duplicity. It was the autumn term and, as we slowly blackened our characters, the English weather grew more cold and wintry.

At first there had been October days when, with the leaves turning and the air blue and clear with thin sun, England had seemed, though cold, beautiful to us, but November was grey with rain and fog; and so we passed into December.

Perhaps some of our misery was physical; the cold made us stupid.

St. Monica's was noted for its thorough teaching and good examination results, and in the framework of our class syllabus we toiled most of the day. Ruth and I were in the bottom class of the senior school; they could not have put us lower without making us juniors and we were palpably too old and big for that.

If I was backward, Ruth was more backward still. I burned with pity for her; the mark results and class positions were read out at prayers every Monday morning with horrible publicity. The bottom of our class was always the same. Florence bottom with Ansie, then Ruth and then me.

"And Florence is mentally deficient," said Sister Margaret. "And Ansie cannot speak English!"

Ruth seemed to have fallen into a paralysis. In India, working with Father, she had been good at lessons. Now, listening to her stumbling, frightened replies, I could not believe that this was Ruth; England seemed to have shocked her into a block of stupidity. I did not wonder that Sister Margaret grew impatient.

I managed better; I had a parrot quickness that Ruth, who was more honest, did not possess. I found that the way to cope, for instance, with literature—the Book of Ballads and Julius Caesar—was to learn them both by heart. I could gabble:

"You - all - do - know - this - mantle - I - remember - the - first - time - ever - Caesar - put - it - on. It - was - on - a - summer's - evening - in - his - tent - that - day - he - over - came - the - Nervii."

"Who are the Nervii?" asked Ruth.

"It doesn't matter," I said, and began on the Ballads.

"He - was - a - braw - gallant and - he - played - at - the - glove."

"What glove?" asked Ruth, "and what's 'braw'?"

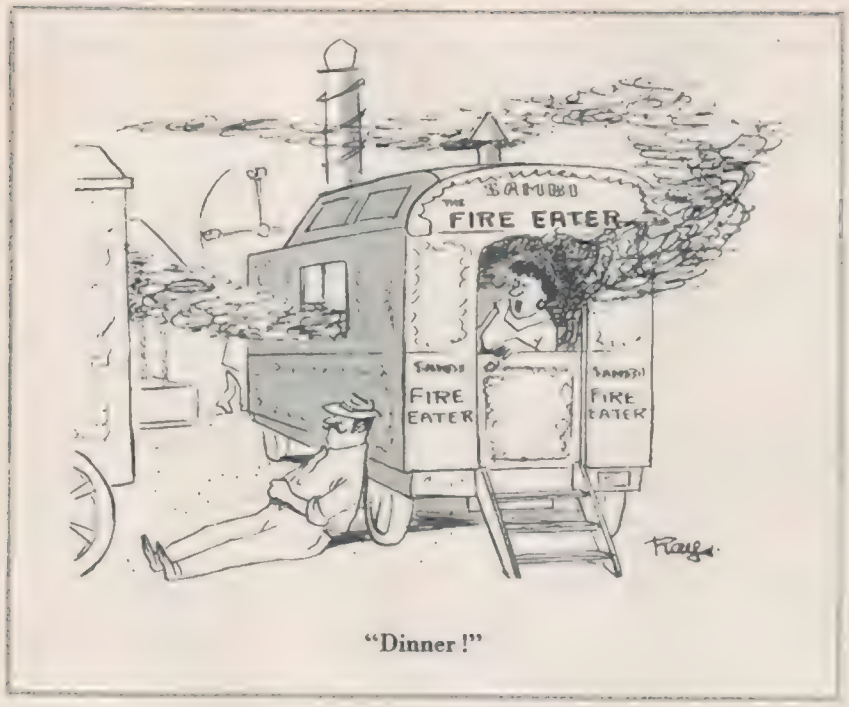
I also learned, very artfully and cleverly, to cheat. I used to look over the girl's next to me and copy. Sister Margaret was taken in and thought I was improving. "That's the way," she said encouragingly.

"One day you will be found out," said Ruth.

It seemed all too probable, but I was so miserable already that I did not think it would make any difference. All the same, I think I worried about it.

For the first time I learned what it was to lie awake at nights. There was a big clock down in the gymnasium that chimed every quarter. I used to lie and listen to it, and then the slow ticking of the hours.

Sometimes I heard a little sound from



"Dinner!"

Ruth, but we dared not speak to one another. All round us girls were sleeping and breathing lustily. Far away on the map and as meaningless as its paper were Father and Mother, Moti Ayah . . . Ram Prasad . . . India. Tears used to trickle down my nose and soak the pillow. *Sick for home.* I was only twelve, but to the depths of my being I found out what those words meant.

Perhaps our greatest shock was that Father and Mother seemed to take it for granted we should be unhappy.

"School is always like that at first," wrote Mother blithely.

"You will get used to it, then you will like it," wrote Father.

"Like it!" said Ruth, as if she had been stung, and she said, "I shall never forgive them for this. Never!" It was the first time we had known that your father and mother could be against you; indeed, with great love and tenderness, they made things worse.

They had decided that perhaps it was the religious life of the Convent that was a little too strict. The religion was one of the few things we really understood; though there had been no Christian church near us in India we had seen plenty of religion and it seemed to us entirely natural.

In the general austerity and chill of St. Monica's, the colour and warmth of the chapel were beautiful. There was stained glass and lace, deep crimson carpets, lighted candles and music. The nuns and choir sang, we thought, like angels and the religion was romantic; for chapel we wore little round caps of blue, like medieval pages, and, on Sundays, black net veils that made us feel like madonnas or nuns.

Feast days were especially glorious, with lessons interrupted and processions and chapel at odd times. Now our mother wrote to Sister Laura Mary asking for us to be excused from the services.

For the nuns this was the last straw; offended and shocked, they shut us out. Now we were really outcast; even the juniors went to chapel. We were horribly and conspicuously alone.

Sister Laura Mary's announcements would be: "Tomorrow is the Feast of the Presentation of the Blessed Virgin Mary. The whole school will attend Matins at eleven . . . except the Goddens." Or: "There will be Vespers after tea tonight for everyone except the juniors . . . the juniors and the *Goddens.*"

If she had said "the barbarians," she could not have sounded more scornful, and we burned in our heathen shame.

Willy-nilly, we spent more and more time with Boots. With the foreigner and the deficient, we were beginning to sink down under a weight of degradation, when Ruth had her famous battle with Sister Laura Mary.

One afternoon of a rehearsal day, the five of us were in a big empty classroom when the door opened and in swept Sister Laura Mary. Like rabbits on springs, Boots, Ansie, Ruth and I shot to our feet and stood: Florence gave her silly slow smile, but sat still.

"Stand up," snapped Sister Laura Mary at her. Florence looked bewildered and Boots pulled her up.

Sister Laura Mary had a visitor with her, an old priest who seemed very small and frail beside the big sister. When he spoke, his voice sounded as if it rustled.

He smiled at us and said faintly: "So these are some of the dear girls?"

Sister Laura Mary's glance swept over us—nothing of Sister Laura Mary's ever moved, it swept. Her eyes swept over the humble Boots, the glowering Chinese, over Florence and Ruth and me. Perhaps Florence with her smile, her chin that was always wet with saliva, her round blue eyes and stringy hair, exasperated her.

"These," she said cuttingly, "these are the scum of the school."

Boots looked at the floor, Ansie did not understand, Florence smiled; I went scarlet as I always did, but Ruth put up her hand. She held it up unwaveringly.

Sister Laura Mary did not take any notice, but the old priest stopped. He looked at the sister and then at Ruth. There was a pause.

Her chin high, Ruth continued to hold up her hand.

At last, "Well?" asked Sister Laura Mary.

"Please, Sister," said Ruth, breathing very quickly through her nose, "we are not scum."

There was silence. Sister Laura Mary's cheeks had swelled; I could see white patches round Ruth's nostrils and she quivered; though my own cheeks were hot, I was cold with fear.

I think Sister Laura Mary would have gone out, but the priest stood between her and the door. He stood looking at her, without speaking.

The silence went on, and presently Sister Laura Mary said, in a voice like any schoolgirl, to Ruth: "I beg your pardon. I shouldn't have said that. No one is scum."

"Thank you, my daughter," said the priest, and they went out.

A year later, another photograph was taken of us to send out to Mother and Father. It was taken outdoors and shows us wearing our coats and gloves as if they fitted us easily, and our hats sitting neatly on our pigtailed heads. At that time Ruth was Oxford, I was Cambridge; we were both Liberals. I liked Winnie, while Ruth, if she had ever admitted it, would most certainly have chosen Cynthia. We had grown taller and fatter, and our mouths are firmly shut. Two little fishes, breathing naturally through our gills and swimming in the sea.

THE END

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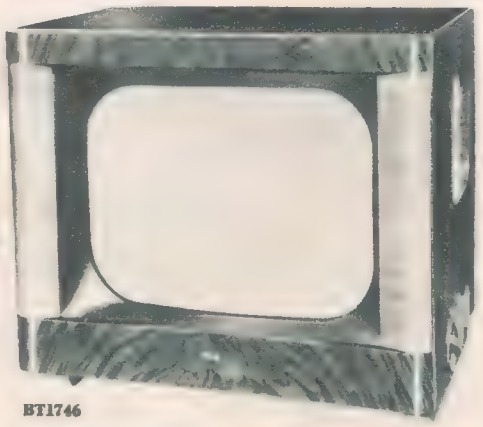

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MY LEFT FOOT

Continued from page 15

brush now, not a broken piece of chalk. But it meant the same thing—I had discovered a new way to communicate with the outside world, a new way to talk with my left foot.

As time went on I became more and more devoted to my little box of paints. I painted all sorts of crazy things, from a sketch of Peter's face—to which he indignantly objected—to a bunch of dead fish lying in the dustbin, done before Tibby, the cat from next door, finished them off.

Then Mother managed to buy me some more paints and brushes. After the first few weeks of uncertainty and awkwardness, I settled down contentedly with my new pastime. I painted every day upstairs in the back bedroom, completely by myself.

Learned To Forget

I was changing. I didn't know it then, but I had found a way to be happy again and to forget some of the things that had made me unhappy. Above all I learned to forget myself. I didn't miss going out with my brothers now, for I had something to keep my mind active, something to make each day a thing to look forward to.

I would sit crouched on the floor for hours, holding the brush between my toes, my right leg curled up under my left, my arms held tightly at my sides, the hands clenched. All my paints and brushes were around me, and I would get my mother or father to pin the drawing paper to the floor with tacks to keep it steady. It looked a very queer, awkward position, with my head almost between my knees and my back as crooked as a corkscrew. But I painted all my best pictures in this way, with the floor as my easel.

At first Mother thought she was doing the right thing in encouraging me to paint, thinking it would give me less time to become unhappy. But after a while she began to worry, because I was spending so much time alone.

She often came up the stairs to see if I wanted anything, coming on tiptoe into the room. There she'd find me, bent over a picture, the brush in my toes. Sometimes she'd come over to brush the hair out of my eyes and wipe the sweat from my forehead, for although I could now use my left foot as easily as Peter or Paddy could use their hands, it was still a terrific strain on the rest of my body to sit on the floor crouched over a picture for almost the whole day. But often when Mother came up to see if I was all right, I'd just nod my head curtly and grunt.

Then one day, when I was eleven, Mother became ill and was taken to the Rotunda Hospital, where a few weeks later, she gave birth to her last child, a boy, thus completing the total of twenty-two.

She remained very ill after my smallest brother was born and rapidly became worse. We were all in a terrible state at home. With Mother away the home seemed to go dead. It was like taking away the inside of a clock, leaving the hands still and powerless. I didn't even paint now; I had no interest in anything because I thought Mother was going to die.

I was huddled up on the sofa one cold night in December when a knock sounded on the front door. Father, who was sitting by the fire holding a newspaper closely in his hand, too worried to read it, didn't hear the knock the first time, but when it sounded again he got up and went to answer it.

I heard voices at the hall door, but I didn't bother to listen, being too upset because of Mother. Then the door opened and I heard Father and someone else come into the kitchen.

"This is Christy," Father said. Then I heard a girl's voice saying: "Is he asleep?"

In a dazed way I looked up at the visitor, blinking a little. The light hadn't been switched on yet and the room was a bit shadowy, but by the light of the street lamp outside I saw that my visitor was a young girl, perhaps about eighteen. She was slim and tall and lovely—the most beautiful girl I had ever seen.

"Hallo," she said, smiling a lovely smile. "My name is Miss Delahunt. Your mother told me about you."

Letter To Mother

I tried to say something, but I only made the same queer grunting noise that I always made when I tried to speak. The girl just smiled and sat down on the edge of the sofa.

"I thought I'd call and meet you," she said. "You don't mind, do you?"

I shook my head vigorously. Then she told me how she had heard of me. I learned she was an almoner's student at the Rotunda Hospital, that she had met Mother and heard about me and how I painted with my left foot and so had wanted to meet me. Also she had another motive in coming. Mother was very worried about how we were getting on at home without her, so the girl had decided to come out and get me to write Mother a little note.

"Will you do that for me?" she asked.

I couldn't refuse. Then Father lifted me on to the table and, holding the pencil between my toes, I wrote on the back of an old envelope: "Dear Mom. Don't worry. All okay. Lots of grub. Get well soon. Christy."

I didn't want to put any kisses at

Trinidad, West Indies

Dear Alan,

Relaxing on the veranda, from where I can see fireflies flashing in the grass and the flares from the oil refinery in the distance. Bill Rogers, a geologist bod, came back with me after rugger this evening--we still play, tho' it's eighty in the shade--and he's collapsed into an easy chair with a drink and the John Bull you sent with the last batch of mail.

Thanks for that lot, especially John Bull. Dick Hardy, one of the engineers, gets it regularly: his folks in York make him an annual Christmas gift of a year's subscription. So what about it? It's a real morale booster...keeps us in touch with things back home. As a bribe, I'm sending you some

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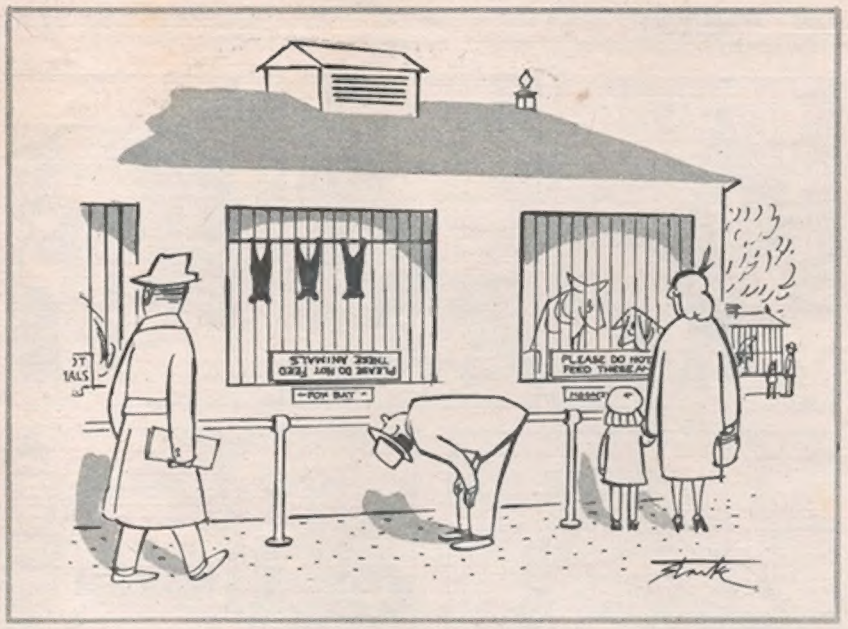

the end of it, but she told me it would look better if I did, so, unwillingly, I scrawled one big kiss in the corner of the envelope and gave it to her.

She left, but promised to come again. I went to bed that night feeling dizzy.

Next time she came I got a big surprise, for she brought me a whole load of paints, brushes and drawing books, along with the good news that Mother was improving and would be home soon.

Katriona Delahunt came into my life at a time when I most needed someone like her, someone quite apart from my own path of life who would make me realize the necessity of trying to rise above the ordinary standard of thought and activity around me, and so help me attain a securer balance within myself. Apart from Mother, she was to be my greatest inspiration in the years and the struggles that lay before me.

But, of course, I didn't know all this at eleven years old. I only knew that I had met my first "dream-girl."

Too Young To Know

Meeting my first dream-girl was an event which for me had a unique chain of consequences. I was too young to know if my heart misbehaved itself in any way, and too young to notice it if it did, for at that age I centred my interest more in my left foot than in any other part of me—my heart included.

And yet, I suppose my feelings were much the same as those of any other young chap with the least bit of imagination in him. Although at first I got confused and self-conscious when Miss Delahunt came to visit me, I gradually became calmer and indeed began to look forward very excitedly to the days when she would come. I'd get Mother to comb my hair carefully, instructing her to put as many "waves" in it as she could. Sometimes I would get Mother to pinch some of Tony's eightpenny bottle of hair-oil to put on my hair whenever I knew she was coming.

I still couldn't talk, but somehow or other speech didn't seem to matter an awful lot when I was with my new friend. We seemed to have a strange, unconscious language of our own, a peculiar way of understanding each other without consciously expressing ourselves. I knew nothing about telepathy then, but even so I do not think it would accurately describe the way I could converse with Miss Delahunt without even having to grunt.

My mind began to stretch itself. I understood more about myself and the scenes that went on about me, not because anyone told me about them, but because I had begun to feel a little more, think a little more and therefore to know a little more. I had come to know myself better because I had learned to express myself and to reach down into all that lay below the surface of my mind. But I was still quite ignorant of myself in the light of all that was to come.

As I became further attached to painting I began to feel happier and more tranquil within myself. I was less inclined to snap at the others if they asked me anything or even spoke to me, as I did before. Painting became the one great love in my life, the main pivot of my concentration. I lived within the orbit of my paints and brushes.

Yet it wasn't just painting that made me so happy; that in itself would not have been sufficient. It was the fact that I painted, not just to please myself, but to please someone else: the feeling of being useful, of painting my pictures for somebody who had become a sort of goddess in my eyes. My lovely dream-girl not only was always very pleased to accept my little pictures, but she actually *looked forward* to them.

That was the great thing about her: she had a knack of making me feel important, of making me feel useful and responsible. I painted very badly. All I did or could do were horrible little landscapes with great lumps of brown and green scattered all over the paper and a huge, sticky sea of blue for the sky. But Miss Delahunt always spoke of them as if they had been great masterpieces, and with this encouragement I began painting better and with greater confidence.

I mixed all my own colours. I arranged my paints on the floor and prepared my pencils and brushes—all with my left foot. The folk at home were willing enough to help me in doing this, but I couldn't trust them because none of them knew the first thing about paints or brushes or how to handle them. I was afraid they might do something terrible to my precious equipment, so I preferred to look after it myself.

At first I used to store all my paints in an old cardboard box and keep it under my bed. But Father made me a wooden box to keep them in and I called this my "tool-box."

Cinderella Painting

Then, one December day a few weeks before Christmas, I was flicking over the pages of the *Sunday Independent* with my foot when I saw the announcement of a Christmas painting competition for children from twelve to sixteen. I was twelve and a half, so I was quite eligible to enter. It was a Sunday morning, the others were out at Mass, and Mother was in the pantry washing cabbage for the dinner, while Father sat at the window reading his paper.

I looked at the announcement again. There was an ordinary black-and-white reproduction of the picture that had to be coloured. It showed a gay ballroom scene and Cinderella dancing with her Prince Charming in the middle of the floor, surrounded by the other dancers, all in elegant costumes, the men in skin-tight stockings and doublets and the ladies in flowing skirts. Over their heads hung great chandeliers.

I thought it would be a good picture to paint, and I was so attracted by it that I seemed to see it all finished and

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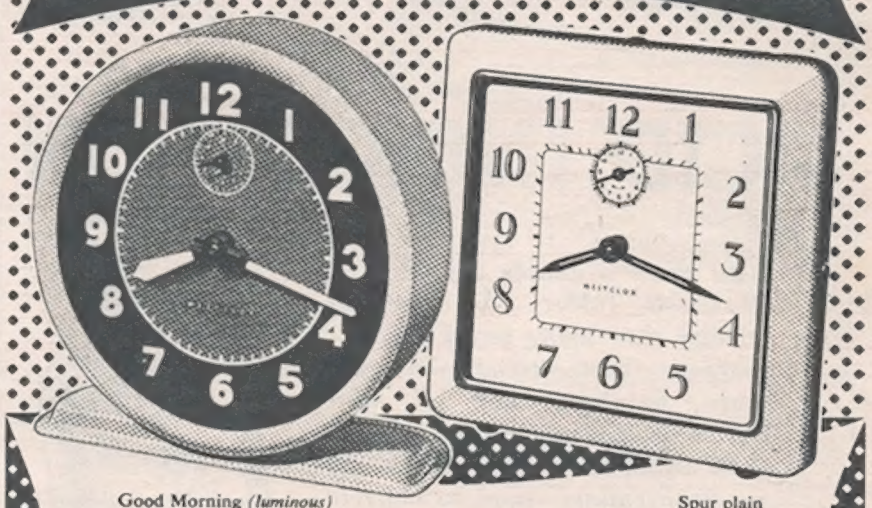

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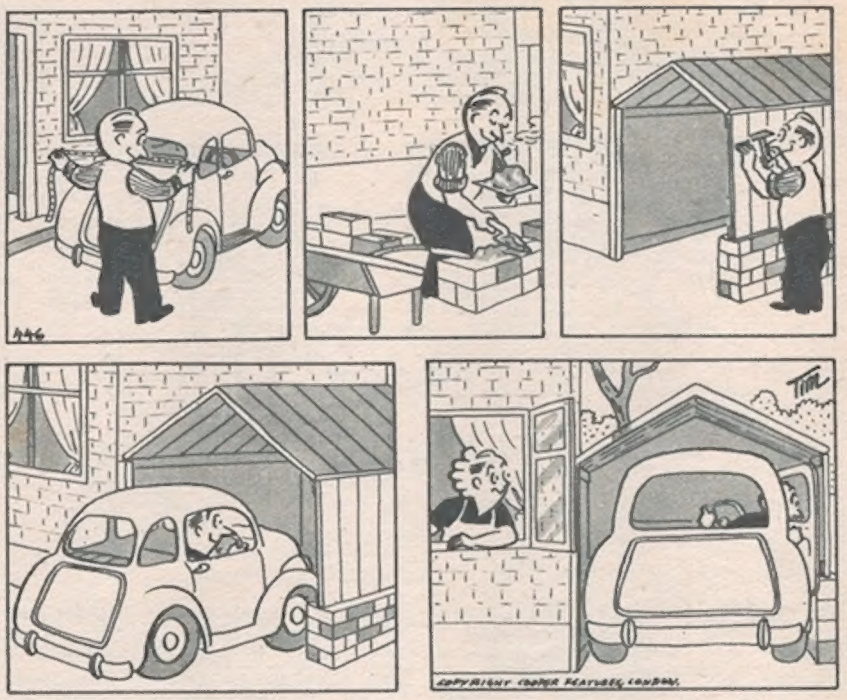
OH, JOHNNY! *by TIM*



glowing with colour as I stared at it. I saw it all so plainly that I felt I had already done it.

I called Mother in from the pantry and showed her the announcement about the competition.

"Try it," she said. I shook my head and mumbled something about not being good enough. "That's silly," said Mother. "You don't have to be a genius. Just try."

I did. I painted the picture that same afternoon and I did it better than I thought I would. I paid Cinderella special attention. I made her quite a glamour girl, with pink cheeks, golden ringlets and a beautiful blue dress. Her white satin slippers peeped daintily from under her gown, like two little mice. I painted Prince Charming's uniform a bright purple and, as an artistic touch, I decided to bespatter it with tiny spots of yellow in imitation of gems. I painted both their eyes blue, though I put a spot of green in the Prince's.

He Couldn't Refuse

I was satisfied when I had finished the picture. I didn't want to have anything to do with the competition itself because I didn't think I stood a chance. But, although I could refuse to listen to Mother, I couldn't refuse to do whatever my dream-girl asked me, and when Mother told her about the competition and showed her the picture I had coloured, Miss Delahunt said I should enter it without delay. To me it was an ultimatum.

I went more carefully over the picture, adding a few more touches here and there. Then I got Mother to seal, stamp and post it away to the newspaper offices the next day.

I really thought it was all a waste of time and I soon forgot about it. I hadn't a hope in the world of winning even one of the small consolation prizes. I just went back to painting in the ordinary way all that week, happy that at least I had pleased Miss Delahunt by doing what she had asked me.

Then, on the following Friday morning, there came a knock on the front door. Mother was in the pantry washing some clothes and came in to answer it with her hands covered with soapsuds. I happened at the time to be perched on the big round table in the kitchen painting, with all my paints and brushes around me. This was an unusual place for me to paint, for I preferred to do my work upstairs in the bedroom where I could be alone. But that particular morning I had decided to paint in the kitchen just as a change.

Mother answered the knock. Standing at the door were a newspaper reporter and a photographer from the *Sunday Independent* who had come to see me. It transpired that without my knowing of it Miss Delahunt had gone to the newspaper people and told them that one of the pictures sent in to their office was done by a boy who painted with his toes. They had been a little sceptical of this and decided to send out one of their reporters to check on it and see what it was all about.

When the reporter and photographer came into the kitchen I was just putting the finishing touches to a tropical South Sea island in a blue lagoon, complete with waving palms and golden-brown beaches. Hearing the door being opened I looked up. The two newspapermen stood and stared across the room at me with Mother a little behind them. I became confused and went on painting quickly.

"It's true!" I heard one whisper.

The two of them were then brought over by Mother and I found out who they were.

"We found it hard to believe, Mrs. Brown," they said. "But now. . . ."

They asked Mother many questions about me, and as she told them my little story up to that age they became more astonished than before.

At length they took a photograph of me sitting on the table with a paintbrush between my toes and an easel before me. I had been made a present of that easel by a friend some months before. It was very useful, but I much preferred to paint on the floor, and the easel was put in only on account of the occasion, to make me look more like an artist. It was my first photograph.

The next Sunday morning I was lying cosily in bed with Peter, half-way between sleep and wakefulness, when Father ran up the stairs, burst into the room and pulled me up into a sitting position.

"Look—look!" he said, waving a copy of the *Sunday Independent* before my face. "See—you've won!"

"Never Stop Trying"

It was true. There, on the centre page, was the photograph they had taken of me the previous Friday. In it was a little boy in short trousers, his thin legs bent beneath one another, his eyebrows cocked up rather snobbishly, and by his side one twisted hand held tightly to keep it still.

I was brought down to the kitchen where all the family were eating breakfast and talking excitedly about my success. As Father carried me into the room everyone stopped speaking at once. Mother laid down the teapot she was holding and came up to me as Father held me in his arms.

"Never stop trying, Chris," she said as she kissed me.

And my dream-girl—she came, too, later on in the day. She took my hand in hers and kissed me on the forehead, saying she was proud of me.

My left foot and I had done it again!

NEXT WEEK: A doctor calls—and my despair turns into hope

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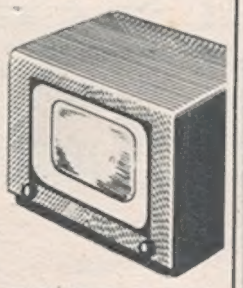

THIS WAY TO THE PRIZE-LIST

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

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3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed. Make P.O. payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that result of this Contest (in "*Bullets*" *Bulletin* dated November 6 and in JOHN BULL dated November 13), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, October 30, for early news of *Bullets* No. 1,958 result.)

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